Frederick Van Ness Bradley

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MICHIGAN

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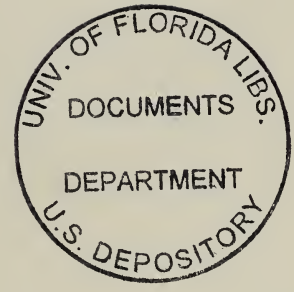

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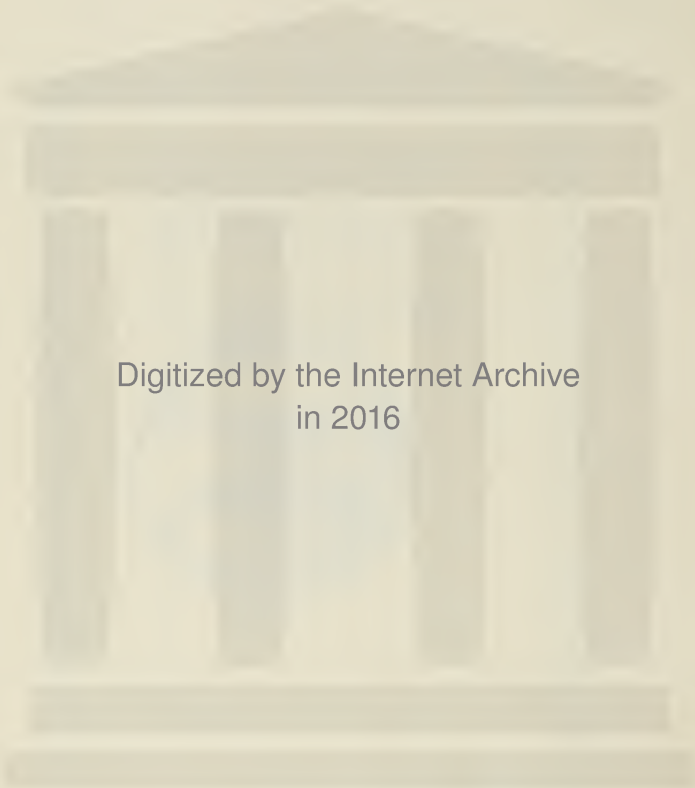

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Frederick Van Ness Bradley

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
MICHIGAN

U.S
50-60601

Eightieth Congress
Second Session

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Biography

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY was born in Chicago, Ill., April 12, 1898; moved to Rogers City, Mich., in 1910; attended the public schools, Rogers City (Mich.) High School, and Montclair (N. J.) Academy; served in the Student Army Training Corps at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1918; was graduated from Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., in 1921; salesman with the Michigan Limestone and Chemical Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 1921–23; purchasing agent, 1928–38; also purchasing agent, Bradley Transportation Co., Rogers City, Mich., 1924–38; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-sixth and to the four succeeding Congresses and served from January 3, 1939, until his death May 24, 1947, at New London, Conn., while there as a member of the Board of Visitors to the Coast Guard Academy; interment in Rogers City Memorial Park, Rogers City, Mich.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 15, 1948.*

Mr. LECOMPTE. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on Accounts, I call up a privileged resolution (H. Res. 502) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, the 17th day of May 1948, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eightieth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Navy Orchestra

Presiding officer.....The Speaker, Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Jr.

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo: Lead, Kindly Light (Dykes).....Hon. J. Percy Priest
Representative from the State of Tennessee
At the piano.....Musician John Wigent

Scripture reading and prayer.....The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address.....Hon. Everett Dirksen
Representative from the State of Illinois

Solo: Going Down the Valley (Fillmore).....Hon. Harve Tibbott
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania
At the piano.....Musician John Wigent

Address.....Hon. Ray J. Madden
Representative from the State of Indiana

Taps.....Musician Frank Scimonelli

Benediction.....The Chaplain

Frederick Van Ness Bradley

Memorial Services

MONDAY, *May 17, 1948.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Martin) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, we have again been saddened since the printing of the program for the memorial exercises today by the passing of our distinguished colleague in the other Chamber, the Honorable JOHN OVERTON, of Louisiana. As you know, the flags are still at half-mast in his memory.

In deference to the wishes of the members of his family, the paying of tribute to him is being deferred until this occasion a year hence, when it is hoped they can be with us.

Hon. J. PERCY PRIEST, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Lead, Kindly Light.

The Chaplain:

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Eternal God, our Father, Thou who art ever present to guide and to comfort, increase the faith and hopes which we feel in the temples of our souls. By these tokens grant that at the last we may merit the "Well done, good and faithful servant." We thank Thee for the voice that comes across the centuries to the hearts of all in sorrow: "Be of good cheer." Be Thou the bread of life for our hunger and the water of life for our thirst. Thy servants whom we remember today rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are at peace. Vouchsafe unto us the peace and rest which flow from Thy holy presence. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father which are in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, at this time I should like to read a fitting memorial entitled "The Other Unknown Soldier" by Stanley Kimmel.

THE OTHER UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(By Stanley Kimmel)

Move over, Buddy—
Yeah, it's me, the other unknown soldier.
You didn't think I'd get here, did you?
But I made it.
Yeah, it took a long time,
But I made it.
Say, Buddy, how is it out here,
Out here in Arlington?
Yeah, I been here before,
But not like this.
I was a kid,
My folks brought me to see you.
It was summer,
June, I think;
There was trees and flowers,
And a clear sky—
Just like today, Buddy.
We'd come to Washington,
From a small town out West,
To see the sights;
My folks never travel'd much,
Too poor—
Guess it was the only trip
They ever took.
But me! I'm like you, Buddy,
I been places! Seen things!
I was at Kasserine Pass, Sicily, Anzio, Cassino,

Then Normandy beach head, the Battle of the Hedgerows, and St. Lo,
Yeah, and the Battle of the Bulge, and the Ardennes.
I was at Owen Stanley Mountains, too,
Then Buna, Attu, the Solomons, and Saipan,
Yeah, and Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Leyte, Luzon—
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you,
Talkin' like this.

* * * * *

Listen! Them's footsteps, ain't they?
Some other folks bringin' their kid to see us.
Hope we never have to make room for him.
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you—
Ain't crowdin' you, am I, Buddy?

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born October 13, 1877; teacher; farmer; lawyer; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn., Vanderbilt University, and the University of Michigan; member of the State senate, 1908–12; Lieutenant Governor, 1912–16; Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected to the United States Senate in 1934, 1940, and 1946; died August 21, 1947.

FRED BRADLEY, Eleventh Congressional District of Michigan: Born April 12, 1898; lawyer, businessman, legislator; elected to the Sixty-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died May 24, 1947.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON MANSFIELD, Ninth Congressional District of Texas: Born February 9, 1861; farmer, lawyer, editor; organized and served as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain in the National Guard of Texas, 1886; prosecuting attorney, mayor, Eagle Lake, Tex., 1888–89; prosecuting attorney, Colorado County, 1892–96; ex officio county superintendent of schools, 1896–1900; judge, Colorado County, 1896–1916; elected to the Sixty-fifth and 15 succeeding Congresses; died July 12, 1947.

CHARLES L. GIFFORD, Ninth Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born March 15, 1871; teacher, realtor, agriculturalist; member State house of representatives, 1912–13; State senator, 1914–19; elected to the Seventieth and 10 succeeding Congresses; died August 23, 1947.

RAYMOND SMILEY SPRINGER, Tenth Congressional District of Indiana: Born April 26, 1882; lawyer, judge; attended Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., and Butler University; graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1904; attorney Fayette County, 1908–14; judge of the thirty-seventh judicial circuit of Indiana, 1916–22; captain of infantry in First World War, 1918; lieutenant colonel, Officers Reserve Corps; elected to the Seventy-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died August 28, 1947.

PATRICK HENRY DREWRY, Fourth Congressional District of Virginia: Born May 24, 1875; lawyer, banker; attended McCabe's University School, Randolph-Macon College, and the University of Virginia; member of the State senate, 1912–20; delegate to the Democratic State conventions, 1912, 1916, 1920, and 1924; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1916; chairman of the Economy and Efficiency Commission of Virginia, 1916–18; chairman of the State advisory board, 1919; member of the Democratic National Congressional Committee, 1923–47, and chairman, 1935–47; ranking member, Committee on Naval Affairs and ranking minority member, Committee on Armed Services; elected to the Sixty-sixth and 14 succeeding Congresses; died December 21, 1947.

JOHN MARSHALL ROBSION, Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born January 2, 1875; teacher, lawyer, banker; attended National Northern University, Ada, Ohio, and Holbrook College, Knoxville, Tenn.; graduated from the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, and Centre College, Danville, Ky.; delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, 1916; elected to the Sixty-sixth and five succeeding Congresses; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from January 9, 1930, to November 30, 1930; again elected to the Seventy-fourth and six succeeding Congresses; died February 17, 1948.

ORVILLE ZIMMERMAN, Tenth Congressional District of Missouri: Born December 31, 1880; lawyer; attended Mayfield-Smith Academy at Marble Hill; graduated from State College at Cape Girardeau, 1904, and from the University of Missouri, 1911; served in the United States Army as a private during the First World War; member board of regents, State College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., since 1933; elected to the Seventy-fourth and five succeeding Congresses; died April 7, 1948.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, and aided by Edward H. Funston III, a page of the House of Representa-

tives, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dirksen].

ADDRESS OF HON. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. Speaker, this is very peculiarly our own day. It is our day for personal communion with those who but a short while before were with us in the confraternity of public service.

This is the day on which we pay gracious testimony and loving tribute to those who are now gathered in the democracy of death and who were with us a short while ago. If they could come into the doors of the Chamber this day with what warmth and affection we would greet them.

There would be Senator BILBO and FRED BRADLEY, Judge MANSFIELD and CHARLIE GIFFORD, RAY SPRINGER and PAT DREWRY, Uncle JOHN ROBSION and ORV ZIMMERMAN, whom we more affectionately called ZIM. Somehow there is a strange selectivity in the democracy of transition for no two of those who have departed from us come from the same State. If I were to characterize each by a single word I would say of Senator BILBO that he was a man of deep and abiding conviction; of JOHN OVERTON I would say that in his great heart was a rich and complete devotion; of FRED BRADLEY I would say there was determination and moral robustness; of Judge MANSFIELD I would say that there was about him a spiritual grace which radiated like a strange and lifting aura in all the years that I knew him; of CHARLIE GIFFORD I would say that in his capacious heart was a love so great that it matched the waves of the Atlantic which beat upon the shores of his native Cape Cod. In the heart and in the manner of RAY SPRINGER was meekness and humility that shone as an iridescent light.

PAT DREWRY was a living exemplification of Browning's fascinating lines devoted to sweetness and light. Of ORV ZIMMERMAN it could be said that in his heart was an exuberant hope for this country and his fellow men which was lustrous like June sunshine. Of Uncle JOHN ROBSION, I could always detect a fundamental faith as rugged and redoubtable as the hills of his native Kentucky.

And so in this intensely personal communion today we shall live with them intimately again and take thought and inspiration from their divine personalities that will continue to linger long in this Chamber.

While the spirit of remembrance and the mood of memory is upon us, I think today of a very simple and entrancing story in the Scripture. It is the story of an obscure and nameless woman who brought an alabaster box of precious ointment with which to anoint the Master. To me it is so simple, so compelling, and so appropriate for this occasion.

I am sure you will remember that the Man of Galilee was going to go to the home of Simon the leper in the village of Bethany for a visit and for a meal. How strange that seems to us. Who among us would think of going to the house of a leper to dine and to visit? But Jesus did so and, as I said, Simon the leper lived in Bethany.

It was my privilege to visit the village of Bethany in 1945. What a memorable and historic place it really is. You will recall that Lazarus lived there together with his sisters Mary and Martha. It was on the roadway which leads from Bethany that Martha encountered the Master and from a heavy heart and a disconcert of spirit complained of the fact that Mary had not made the household ready for the coming of the Galilean. And after He had listened patiently to her He said so humbly, "But one thing is needful." And that, of course, was the need of the spirit. It was in this selfsame village then of Bethany where Simon lived, and while he and the Master were at meat, as the Scripture records, there came this unbidden guest. It was a woman. The only char-

acterization we have of her is that she was a sinner. We know little else about her.

Was she tall and stately or was she, perhaps, short statured and robust? We do not know, for the Gospels are silent on this. Did she wear fashionable raiment or was she dressed in ordinary clothing? This we do not know. Did she have dark, lustrous hair and black snapping eyes? Or did she have golden hair which caught the sunshine of the desert? Did she have blue sparkling eyes like those colorful little flowers that grow in profusion on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho? Was her voice harsh or was it soft and melodious? All this we do not know. The records says she was a sinner.

And how simply she came to where the Master was visiting with the leper. There were no press conferences, no press releases, no society column, no eloquent speeches. The record simply says that she came.

How simple it all is. It is so much like the approach in the story of the Good Samaritan who found a man wounded and groaning by the roadside and when the Good Samaritan heard his cry of distress the Scripture says, "He came where he was." It was so simple and so forthright. The coming of the nameless woman to the Master was equally simple.

She brought with her an alabaster box of precious ointment. She stood behind the Man of Galilee, who was doubtless sitting or kneeling at His repast. It was the posture of humility. She washed His feet with her tears. She dried them with her tresses and then from the alabaster box she took the precious ointment of spikenard and anointed Him. I presume we would call it perfume.

There was no conversation. There was no record. There were no remarks to be examined. We have only the record of this simple and humble ministration.

The disciples were there. The Book says they were indignant. I can well imagine that scene. I can particularly imagine Peter, who must have been there, frowning. He was such a sturdy and forthright soul and so practical. The

anointing of the Master with precious perfume offended the practical sense of the disciples. Quickly they translated it into an equation of their own. This ointment might well bring 300 pence and the money could be used for alms and for charity.

That argument has such a familiar ring today. How often have Members of this body been chided, especially during wartime, for going abroad to inspect the progresses of our arms and to observe conditions the better to discharge their responsibilities. How often we were confronted with the argument that the gasoline and the expenses involved might have been put to better and more useful purpose. It was the very kind of an argument that the disciples used long ago as they saw the ministrations of this humble woman.

The Master must have listened earnestly to the argument and to the conversation and then, with simplicity and logic which is like majesty itself, He suddenly said, "Why trouble ye this woman. She hath wrought a good work upon me."

How simple, how compelling, how persuasive that was. He simply said, "She hath wrought a good work upon me." A little later He then said the things that have such rich appeal on this memorial occasion. Very simply did He say that what she had done would be told as a memorial unto her wherever the gospel might be preached.

How simple and compelling is this story because it is the unadorned story of a kindly deed, a very humble service; and there is the promise that it would be a memorial and would reecho down the corridors of time until the end of earth as a memorial to an obscure unnamed woman.

As I think of our departed colleagues today who are gathered in the endless land of dreamless sleep, they, too, brought to their task here an alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of their talent, their love, their affection and devotion, and their abiding desire to serve their people, their colleagues, and their country.

They brought with them the perfume of humble service and these are the services that will live to adorn and to enshrine their memories.

The speeches which we make so quickly, die upon the vesper breeze. The votes on which we and they are recorded will soon be forgotten. It is the human, the humane and kindly little services which are unherald, unsung, and unacclaimed which will be so long remembered on the tablets of the mind and the heart.

There is an amazing immortality about a kindly service, a good deed, a humble ministration. In all parts of the land there will be people who will long remember them for these little things which may seem unimportant to us in the hurly-burly of a controversial atmosphere.

How many veterans they must have helped not only in the recent conflict but in World War I in securing expeditious hospitalization. For this there are no headlines. How many refugees in the old countries and the kinfolks of those refugees in this country they must have helped in securing visas that they might be lifted from the tyrannies of the Old World. For this there is no acclaim. How many aged and indigent persons back home they must have helped and to whom they provided comfort in endeavoring to secure more adequate pensions and assistance. The song of unuttered joy for this will be written on gracious human hearts. How many snarls they must have untangled where folks back home were having difficulty with railroad retirement pensions and social-security benefits. How many fathers and mothers they must have helped in finding the last resting place of some son enshrined in glory on some far-off battlefield. How many fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts they must have aided in locating kin somewhere abroad in this huge world. How many businessmen they must have helped in finding their way through the labyrinth of a bewildering government. All these and a thousand more are the humble services which marked each day of their service in this body.

And because these were the human and humane things they appeal to the heart and will be long remembered. The letters which they have written over the years by the hundreds to bring comfort and reassurance to humble people back home will be passed from hand to hand long after they have departed. These will bring strange luster to the countenance of people as they show these letters and say, "I got a letter from my Congressman." Yes, these are the things that will live long and be enshrined upon the pulsing tablets of love and memory.

Let us go back for a moment to what the Master said to the disciples when they showed their indignation of the ministrations of this unnamed woman sinner. He said simply, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me." It was objective. It was somebody to somebody. It is the important thing in this compelling story. It is the mark of real service.

Their services were so intensely objective because they were rendered to people, to us, to country, to humble folks who looked upon them as their liaison agents with the Government.

As I think of this quality of objectivity a number of favorite examples come to mind.

One of my favorite characters, who was rather contemporary because he passed on only 30 years ago, was Maj. Gen. William Crawford Gorgas of the United States Army. He was one of that little group who, back in the days when the construction of the Panama Canal was in progress, was persuaded that the Canal could not be built unless yellow fever and malaria were first conquered. So insistent was he in his viewpoint that it offended the construction superintendent on the Canal and he insisted on the dismissal of Gorgas. The letter of dismissal was already on the desk of the President of the United States but wiser counsels prevailed and it was never consummated. William Crawford Gorgas continued to serve until the malarial-bearing mosquito and yellow fever had been conquered. How little we hear about it. How little

acclaim he really received, and yet it was this humble service which had so much to do with the completion of a Federal project for the linking of two great oceans.

The services of General Gorgas did not stop here. He served the people of Peru and other South American countries in conquering plagues and increasing longevity. Even as age was coming upon him he went to The Rand in far-off Africa to subdue the influenza germ. It is no wonder that when he died in London in 1919 a vast concourse of people lined the streets on the occasion of the memorial parade in his honor and when the riderless white horse went by they bowed in reverence and respect to the memory of a truly noble man whose nobility consisted of humble service for the welfare of all mankind.

Some years ago I saw a six-line squib in one of the Washington newspapers announcing the death of Dr. Joseph Goldberger. Perhaps it meant little to many people, but it meant a great deal to me, because I had followed the career of this seemingly obscure man, who was a member of the staff of the United States Public Health Service. It was he who was assigned to explore and find the remedy for that dreaded disease known as pellagra, which had invaded the Southland and not only had taken a great toll of life but enervated and devitalized thousands of people so that they could not carry on their normal pursuits. It was to this problem that Dr. Joseph Goldberger addressed himself. The record of his service is thrilling and dramatic even though it appears so commonplace. He visited hospitals and asylums, orphanages and prison schools, and groups in his relentless pursuit of this awful disease. He imperiled his own life freely and willingly in order to find the cause.

The record shows him in a pullman car at Spartanburg, S. C., consuming capsules made from the offal of persons in the last stages of pellagra. He made capsules of the scales which came from their gaunt and haggard bodies to test the effect upon himself. At long last he found the cause. It was

a vitamin deficiency, and from this a remedy was soon prescribed. There were no headlines for Joseph Goldberger, no gilded books were written about him. There were no demonstrations to acclaim him. His was the humble service of the commonplace, but gratitude for that service will ring down the vistas of time and come as a song of joy from the hearts of the afflicted. He received but six lines in the current press when the soul took flight.

I think also of the humble service rendered by a New Hampshire soldier during the Civil War whose name is unknown to me. Evidently he must have enjoyed a furlough and when he returned to the hills of his native New Hampshire he had time to fashion his own tombstone, possibly because of a premonition of death. On one side of that stone were carved the essential vital statistics and on the other side this self-written epitaph, "This side of my tombstone I dedicate to freedom and union. May they survive and endure forever." Here was a man rendering humble service to this country in an hour of crisis and it will be remembered into the eternity.

Yes; there was objectivity about their service here and it so well illustrates that simple but compelling sentiment which the Master uttered when He said, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me."

They have wrought a good work upon us, upon their kinsmen and their constituency, upon their country and the world. They have wrought a good work and it will be remembered.

The intimate and personal character of this memorial service today is possible because it is the remembrance of the living to those who are now gone. It would fail in its purpose if it did not quicken our spirits. It must enrich us and do something for our own perspective, our behavior, and our viewpoint. What then shall we draw from it all as we stand on the very shadow of their lingering spirits and enjoy the communion of memorial fellowship with them?

Is it not possible that we too—all of us—have come here with our alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of

the talents with which we have been endowed, the love which we bear for our fellowmen, the interest which we have in world welfare and the devotion which we entertain for this our blessed country to be used for the enhancement and progress of our country and the restoration of peace of mind and tranquillity of soul to a restive and tumultuous world?

This perfume of talent we can use if we will to soften the asperities and the severities of life, to modify the hates with which we are often confronted and to so soften our own conduct that it will be as a great spiritual wave and moral force for the Nation and for the world. As we use it lavishly and diligently we cannot help but spill the precious and fragrant perfume of our own talents upon our colleagues and upon everyone with whom we come in contact.

Suppose that for a single month we made a diligent effort to make certain that in our disagreement we would never be captious; that in our differences on principle we would never show petulance; that in resolutely following our own abiding convictions on matters of fundamental policy they would never be tainted by acrimony. Suppose we made a diligent effort to exemplify the humility and meekness and forbearance which marked their service, what a great moral force it would become in softening the dissidences of life and clarifying fundamental viewpoints. All this would redound so richly to the welfare of the world and of our own country.

When all is said and done, my friends, the problems, the questions, and the challenges with which we are confronted from day to day and year to year can scarcely be met by the lawbook and the statute book. So little of what we might formally inscribe upon the legislative parchments will actually meet the challenges of this turbulent era because the problems come from the spirit and the crisis is essentially moral.

You will agree that on so many hands one finds defeatism, but can we reduce anything to the common denominator of

words and language that will meet it. How shall we best solve the group antagonisms which are, after all, a matter of heart and soul? How shall we best meet the moral fatigue which one finds in many places and which is the pardonable and inevitable result of a conflict which tugged at the whole human fabric of the world? How shall we meet the frustrations which are also one of the bitter inheritances of conflict? The prophet Haggai in the Old Testament summed it up in a single phrase when he wrote on the parchments of the Scripture long ago, "Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little." It is the best definition of the frustrated spirit I have ever encountered in the literature of mankind.

But frustration and defeatism and moral fatigue and social cleavages and group antagonisms must all be met if we are to achieve that unity of purpose and action so indispensable to the progress of our country and of the world.

I humbly doubt that the answer—the real answer—can be found in legislative words. We must reach into the citadel of the spirit and find the solutions and we have access to the citadel only in proportion as the heart and the soul find solid moral ground. In proportion as we can bring this approach to our problems we shall again find sweetness and serenity in our national life which will carry us to levels never attained before in any time or generation. This we can find in our sweet and personal communion with their happy memories today. Let me add one more thing to this simple testimony of remembrance. In the Old Testament is the story of Ezekiel released from captivity who was commanded by the Lord to look upon the Valley of Dried Bones. From an anxious heart he asked the Lord whether they could live again. He was bidden to command, and soon with a great clattering roar these bones assembled into skeletons. He asked whether they could be clothed with flesh and was bidden to command and, lo, they were clothed with flesh. He asked whether they could live again and was told to command the four winds to breathe into this great lifeless host

the very breath of life, and, behold, it stood there as a living army.

One of the old versions, as I remember, then carries this simple admonition from the Lord. To Ezekiel He said that those in the Valley of Dried Bones were like an ancient people and that they were lost and dead and without hope. Then he said He would make them a people once more.

He did not say that He would make them two people or a divided people or a cloven people or a turbulent people. He said He would make them a people united in spirit and in effort.

As I survey the contemporary scene, is there anything so important as a restoration of common purpose, of domestic tranquillity, and of happy labor in the cause of an ideal which we call the American dream?

And so, my friends, in this blessed communion with our own let me say in the language of Peter, let us strive for this great goal for which mankind yearns "until we find the day star rising in our hearts." That is the day star of hope and promise for a new glory and a new greatness for ourselves and for the whole world. And so in sweet remembrance we lay upon their divine lingering personalities the memorial laurel of the living to the dead.

Hon. HARVE TIBBOTT, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Going Down the Valley.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Madden].

Hon. RAY J. MADDEN, a Representative from the State of Indiana, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. RAY J. MADDEN

Mr. MADDEN. Mr. Speaker, during the last year divine providence visited the Congress and called seven of our Members to the final home. Today we raise our thoughts in reverent memory to those who were selected and answered the

call of their Maker. They have given the last full measure of their devotion that we may continue to enjoy the blessings of liberty and peace. They served their country in this Chamber and they have carried on the good fight for justice under law in our beloved land.

It is natural that in such an hour as this when we commemorate our departed fellow Members, that we look upon the work which they were doing when interrupted by the angel of death. The result of their labors is a precious heritage handed on to us. The work of making a nation's laws is a supremely heavy responsibility that taxes human resources and strength to the fullest. Our absent colleagues understood this well. Were it not so, some of them would still be with us today. The arduous and devastating burdens of congressional war work cost an unprecedented toll of our Members during this most critical period in our Nation's history. These Members were war casualties the same as were the boys in uniform who fell on the battlefield, in the air, and on the seas. But they were willing to make the sacrifice of their time and strength because they understood the sacred import of their legislative work.

To forge the legislation of a people is in a sense a participation in the divine plan of the Almighty, who rules both men and nations. Just laws are fashioned by men, duly elected by their people, but those laws have their source and power in God and we legislators are but His instruments. Great then must be our sense of duty to the Omnipotent Lawgiver and close must be our cooperation with Him in making laws that are in perfect agreement with the norm of right reason and of moral equity and justice. Today we feel confident that the Supreme Legislator has written a blessed finis to the work of those whom we honor at these exercises. During their years of service in this House they cooperated well with Him in legislating for the best interests of His children, the citizens of this Republic.

There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the National House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired, or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or the failures of beginners. What a man gains in this Chamber he gains by sheer force of his own character, and if he loses and falls back he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretense can deceive and no glamour can mislead. Here the real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irreversibly decreed. On this day of retrospect and reflection, we can say that our absent brothers stood this test with grandeur. They survived criticism and nobly carried the rewards of success and praise. They took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of their fidelity.

Ordinarily we think of Benjamin Franklin as basking in the constant admiration of his countrymen. The fact is that he withstood enough vituperation to reduce many a modern legislator to quivering panic. It was charged that he not only approved the Stamp Act, but framed it; there was talk of setting fire to his house. He saw his oldest friends turn against him; he was scorned in England and distrusted at home—until, just as suddenly he was acclaimed a hero. In 1772 Franklin wrote a letter to his old friend Joseph Galloway, with whom he had shared a resounding political defeat a few years before.

The letter read:

We must not in the course of public life expect immediate approbation and immediate grateful acknowledgement of our services. But let us persevere through abuse and even injury. The internal satisfaction of a good conscience is always present, and time will do us justice in the minds of the people, even of those at present the most prejudiced against us.

Just as the soldier in the line of fire draws inspiration and courage from the love of country burning fiercely in the breasts of his fallen comrades, so do we feel a firmer conviction to carry on without fear or favor as we ponder on the patriotic devotion of those whose memories we revere here today. They indeed have taught us the lesson of true patriotism. Because of their example, we see in love of country a great virtue which is annexed to justice itself. Patriotism is a sincere love and reverence for our country based on a real sense of justice; it is the return of a debt for all that our country has done for us; for all that we have received from it—our citizenship, our freedom, our education, our opportunities, both spiritual and temporal. For all this we owe more than a deep and heartfelt gratitude; we owe our country our love, reverence, obedience, our loyalty, and, if necessary, our life itself. This is the meaning of true patriotism. This is the sacred significance of our flag which today waves silently over the graves of our departed colleagues of this honorable assembly.

There is another and even more profound significance in our meeting here today on this solemn occasion. We lay aside for a time the manifold tasks and labors which go into the making of our Nation's laws. There is a pause in the daily debate and in the interchange of views which at times express different and contrary opinions and convictions. We temporarily halt appropriation of the sums that we deem necessary to produce the greatest possible benefit for our people and for the peoples of other countries who stand in dire need and danger of losing both life and liberty.

In many parts of the world the freedom of the individual has been set back by centuries. There the idea survives that the individual is the creature of the state—that he exists for the state—that he has no rights except what the state gives him and can take away. America has been a living revolt against that pagan idea ever since freedom's greatest document was written and guaranteed that "All men are endowed

by their Creator with certain unalienable rights and that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Today we join together in reconsecrating our lives and our abilities to that noble work for which Congress has been dedicated by the founding fathers since the beginning of this Republic. They were men of faith, men who felt a deep sense of responsibility to the God of nations and of peoples. They were men whose relations toward God were not unlike those of children toward their father—love tempered with awe, and obedience joined with a healthy fear of merited punishment. Convictions such as these have been expressed in this Chamber countless times since the infancy of our country. The pages of the Congressional Record are replete with sane and sober reflections on the absolute necessity of unswerving loyalty to the divine law which guides all men in general and legislators in particular. Under this moral law our Nation has grown great and has prospered. Today we rededicate ourselves to those same sacred convictions, to that same eternal moral law. We do so, well aware that without this faith in God and in His unchangeable moral law, all our efforts here are vain and purposeless.

Without this faith upon what would we hope?

Without this faith our very presence here at this solemn memorial service would be meaningless.

Without this faith why should we labor and sacrifice for others?

Without this faith the brotherhood of man would be reduced to a soft and sentimental altruism.

Without this faith we might logically revert to the level of the unthinking brute creation and let selfishness and fear and blood and rapine be our only law.

Without this faith we would let force and suspicion and hate determine our relations with our fellow men.

Such is the inevitable effect of a philosophy of life without faith in God. Such godlessness would indeed have been

anathema to our founding fathers and to the men who since 1789 have sat in the House of Representatives.

In a short time we shall again take up the work of yesterday. Let not the new resolve which this memorial hour affords pass away. They who have left us during the past year have already received their reward from the hands of a just and merciful Judge, before whom each of us will one day stand. We know that He has dealt with them in accord with His great mercy. "Blessed are ye who do the will of My Father." Blessed—happy shall you be. A heaped-up happiness of unending duration. That is the true immortality. That is the true end of man. Every other kind of immortality is but a mockery.

Monuments will decay, buildings will disappear, portraits fade, and words written and spoken are soon forgotten or lost in dusty tomes. But the deeds of men do live after them—not for a few passing years but for all eternity because they are written imperishably in the Book of Life held in the hands of the Angel of God. True immortality of men is unending life with their Creator. May the immortal souls of our fellow Congressmen whom we memorialize today, enjoy forever the reward of blissful rest and peace.

Musician Frank Scimonelli sounded taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and represent you faultless before the presence of His glory with great joy, unto the only wise God, our Saviour, the glory and majesty both now and forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 502, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Members, the Chair declares the House adjourned until tomorrow at 11 o'clock a. m.

Thereupon (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the House, pursuant to its previous order, adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 18, 1948, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Addresses
on
Frederick Van Ness Bradley

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Maloney

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. MALONEY. Mr. Speaker, for the few months that I was privileged to know the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, as one of his committee members, I came in almost daily contact with him and soon learned that he had all the qualities of a great chairman. His intimate knowledge of the committee's problems appeared limitless. His entire life was devoted to the United States merchant marine, and his great desire was to see our merchant marine second to none. In spite of the long hours spent in the committee work, he was always willing to speak on merchant-marine subjects at any function. He supported his views courageously and with true sincerity, and all shipping men with whom he came in contact held him in the highest esteem.

His entire committee was devoted to him and was impressed with his fairness. He was more than a chairman of a committee; he was really a friend of each member. He was ready to listen to suggestions and often encouraged the members to follow through with their suggestions.

Words are inadequate to express my feelings on the passing of this real friend, and I shall ever cherish the memory of my happy associations with him.

Remarks by Representative Grant

Of Indiana

Mr. GRANT of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, late last evening I returned by plane from Rogers City, Mich., where I had attended the funeral of our late beloved colleague the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, Representative from the Eleventh District of Michigan.

Yesterday's Rogers City newspaper, the Presque Isle County Advance, carried in eloquent terms a short front-page tribute to their neighbor and friend, FRED BRADLEY. Those who were nearest to FRED can best appreciate the value of the following story:

FRED CAME HOME TODAY BY PLANE

Yes; that is what Rogers City folks said. FRED came home by plane. They remembered how FRED, not Congressman BRADLEY, used to buzz the local housetops with his first little plane until we local folks cussed him out, just as he would do when we incurred his displeasure.

They remembered how he liked to come down Rogers City's short main street, where traffic moves leisurely, dressed in rough tweeds, jaunty cap, and even coveralls, yelling across at whomever he might see: "How's fishing out on Trout River since we put in the dam?" or "Has the duck flight started yet?" "Hello, you son-of-a-gun; what's going on tonight?"

Washington, yes, and Detroit and London and Moscow all will call attention to his passing. He was the fellow who put the small town—here the train backs in—on the map of the world. They, too, will tell, but in other words, that FRED came home to Rogers City, and by his favorite transportation—by air.

How did he vote on a certain piece of legislation? Maybe folks don't remember. But they do remember that the boys he appointed to the Government Academies from the Eleventh District of Michigan were never appointed for political reasons.

Was he a prewar isolationist? We forgot long ago, but he was 100-percent American, and he always voted that way, regardless of party.

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY

Today at 2 o'clock the town was quiet. Window shades on the town's little stores were drawn, and the main street was deserted. FRED had come home by plane, and the local folks were down at the church on the corner seeing FRED off on his last flight. They were not thinking about Congressman BRADLEY, his political record, or his faults. Those things we know, better than the folks in Washington or elsewhere.

They were paying their last respects to FRED, the fellow who mingled with, and liked, his fellow men in all walks of life. It might have been said that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, to quote the old adage, but that never changed him.

Happy landing, FRED.

Remarks by Representative Hale

Of Maine

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker I should like to speak a few words of tribute to my friend FRED BRADLEY. I served with him on the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries through the Seventy-ninth Congress. He was a most conscientious member of that committee, though even then his health handicapped him.

When the chairmanship of the committee came to him at the beginning of the present Congress, he felt his responsibilities very keenly. Although I had left the committee, I talked with him a good deal about various matters in connection with the organization of the committee and the work of the session. No one who saw him during that period can doubt that he felt so keenly the weight of his responsibilities that he broke down under it. He gave his life to the performance of his duty, and, from things he said to his friends, I feel sure that he foresaw what was to come.

A few weeks ago FRED BRADLEY made some remarks about the social responsibilities of Members of Congress and the social demands upon them. In some quarters what he said was not taken seriously and in others it was misconstrued. But he said only what was true, and subsequent events have shown how strongly he must have felt the truth of what he said when he said it.

The death rate in this body bespeaks the tensions under which its Members work. Men like FRED BRADLEY and CHARLES GERLACH were far too young to die. They probably would not have died if they had not given their lives so devotedly to the public service. For their labors and their sacrifice they deserve all honor. I had come to have a strong affection for FRED BRADLEY and I shall miss him.

Remarks by Representative Youngblood

Of Michigan

Mr. YOUNGBLOOD. Mr. Speaker, the Congress of the United States has lost a distinguished colleague in whose memory we are now assembled.

I have lost a good friend, and it is fitting that I should add my sentiments to the occasion of his passing.

FRED BRADLEY was an intelligent, capable legislator, and a good and jovial companion. It is most startling to bear in mind that shortly before his untimely passing the gentleman from Michigan publicly deplored the State affairs, the dinners, and the social activities which constitute such a drain on the vigor and health of a Congressman.

No monument is needed for this man. His able work, his unselfish devotion to duty, his conscientious and untiring attention to his office stand in the history of the United States as a perpetual memorial to him. There abides in the breast of each of us his unwritten memorial—not material, but spiritual.

Because of his devotion to maritime affairs in his committee work, I am reminded of the epitaph of Robert Louis Stevenson:

> Here he lies where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has said:

> Not gold, but only men can make
> A people great and strong;
> Men who for truth and honor's sake,
> Stand fast and suffer long.

I know that the life of our distinguished colleague, whose memory we now revere, was dedicated to these words, since his activities were so devoted to its spirit.

May we take renewed spirit in the thought of our devoted brother. Let us here resolve to take up the torch where he, by necessity, dropped it and carry on his principles and his spirit to the lofty place where he intended they should ultimately rest.

The people represented by our late friend have lost a champion. Their grief, I acknowledge, is deep. However, merely because this gentleman led so public a life, it did not preclude his full enjoyment of a happy and contented private life, and I wish to extend my sincere sympathies to Mrs. Bradley who stood by her husband so fearlessly and so faithfully throughout their married life. We of the House have expressed our regrets over the passing of so splendid a Member. We have told what a blow his death has been to us and his people. We must, and we should, be remiss if we do not extend our warmer and deeper sympathies to his widow.

Let us bear in mind these words:

> Asleep, awake, by night or day,
> The friends I seek are seeking me;
> No wind can drive my bark astray,
> Nor change the tide of destiny.
> What matter if I stand alone?
> I wait with joy the coming years.

I trust that Mrs. Bradley may gather some consolation from my remarks and those of my colleagues, and in closing commend to her this imperishable quotation:

> This is not a loss, life is a promise;
> At the end of the lane and fulfillment, we rise again.

Remarks by Representative Martin

Of Massachusetts

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, it was a year ago this month, on May 17, 1947, that our beloved friend, FRED BRADLEY, departed this life to rest in eternal peace. Yet, the memory of his blue eyes, his shy smile, his friendly voice, and his firm handclasp live with us today as we pay tribute to his memory.

I felt honored to number FRED BRADLEY among my friends. He was a man's man and was greatly admired by all who knew him.

FRED BRADLEY won his mark as a businessman and as an industrialist even before he won his mark as a legislator. Ever conscious of his obligations to the people, he seldom failed to consider the welfare of all groups while working and voting here. He was a Republican all his life and proud of it, although he was not a bitter partisan.

A native of Chicago, Ill., where he was born on April 12, 1898, FRED was a comparatively young man when stricken in death. Yet he had won high fame before his death. His untimely summons prevented even higher honors.

FRED attended Rogers City (Mich.) High School, and Montclair Academy in Montclair, N. J., and graduated from Cornell University in 1921 with a bachelor of arts degree. He married Miss Marcia Marie Hillidge, of Front Royal, Va., on November 20, 1922. Well known to many Members of the House, Mrs. Bradley has borne this great sorrow with courage and equanimity.

FRED was a member of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Kiwanis International, Delta Chi Fraternity, and

the American Legion. He was elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress and to each succeeding Congress until his death.

I can never think of him without recalling the immortal words of Tennyson:

Break, break, break
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still.

We who knew FRED BRADLEY cannot—we will not—forget him all the days of our lives.

Remarks by Representative Weichel

Of Ohio

Mr. WEICHEL. Mr. Speaker, along with Members of the House I attended the funeral of our beloved colleague, FRED BRADLEY, a most distinguished Member of the House. At such a time words fail to express our feelings, but I want to include the thought from the Presque Isle County Advance of Rogers City, Mich., of those who knew him best:

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Happy landing, FRED.

It is only fair to say that the above is not our own.

It is an expression of another, and as we read it over we wonder if it might not well come, not from one individual in our community, but from a good many of us who might, if we had the opportunity, say just about the same thing. It seems typical of how many a chap in Rogers City might feel at this time when FRED BRADLEY has passed from among us.

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD WEDNESDAY AT WESTMINSTER—REPRESENTATIVES OF DISTRICT, STATE, AND NATION WERE HERE TO ATTEND LAST RITES

Congressman FRED BRADLEY died unexpectedly at New London, Conn., late Saturday afternoon. He suffered a heart attack while visiting the Coast Guard Academy as a member of a congressional committee, becoming ill in an officers' room and died a short time later in the infirmary.

Word of his death reached Rogers City a short time after his passing when a dispatch came to the Advance and the radio carried an announcement of his death early in the evening. His death, at the age of 49, came as a shock to many of his friends here.

Mrs. Bradley was at Norfolk, Va., in company with Mrs. Karl LeCompte and Mrs. Alvin Freeland, attending the launching of the new steamship *Ulysses*, largest tanker afloat, at the time of Mr. BRADLEY'S death. News of his death did not reach her until late in the evening, after which the party drove all night to her home in Washington.

Mr. BRADLEY was, of course, well known to all of us. He was serving his fifth term in Congress and had reached a position of influence which probably no Representative of the Eleventh District had ever attained. He was chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, one of the most important committees, especially to this district, in Congress.

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY was born in Chicago, April 12, 1898. He came here with his father, Carl D. Bradley, about 1911, when the elder Mr. Bradley assumed the presidency of the Michi-

gan Limestone & Chemical Co. His father was an executive of unusual ability and a man who took a great personal interest in Rogers City and Rogers City people. His memory is revered by all who knew him.

FRED grew up in ideal surroundings. He attended the public schools and later went to the Montclair Academy in New Jersey, and was graduated from Cornell with a bachelor of arts degree. He was married to Marie Hillidge, of Front Royal, Va., in 1922, and Mr. and Mrs. BRADLEY came to Rogers City to make their home, Mr. BRADLEY being employed as purchasing agent for the Michigan Limestone & Chemical Co. and the Bradley Transportation Co.

Following his father's death, he resigned and ran for Congress. His youth, ability, and dynamic campaign appealed to the voters. He was intensely interested in air travel and campaigned the big district with his plane. He was well to do, a fact often a handicap to a candidate, but he disdained any camouflage, inspired a Republican organization at low ebb, and was elected in November of 1938 over a New Deal candidate.

He was a veteran of World War I. Prior to World War II he opposed some preparedness measures, although he aided materially in building up the air forces.

He urged the development of Great Lakes waterways, and, when war came, worked to enlarge the wartime shipping industry on the Great Lakes, contending that greater protection existed on the Great Lakes than in ocean ports. He waged a vigorous campaign for the fortification of Soo locks, terming them America's No. 1 air target. It was due to his efforts that the locks were given protection.

He had an almost complete anti-New Deal record during the Roosevelt administration and was, before the war, considered an isolationist, although strong for national defense.

Despite his staunch Republican stand on most issues, Mr. BRADLEY once took General Motors Corp. to task for making a whipping boy out of OPA, and blamed the corporation for boosting its car prices in 1945.

In recent labor-relations debates in the House, he took the view that the Government should get out of the business of settling strikes and leave labor disputes to union and employers.

FRED owned his own plane for a number of years but later turned his attention more to his work in connection with the Lakes. He had his own yacht and spent a good deal of the summer in Rogers City and at Munising. Mr. and Mrs. BRADLEY also owned a summer

home at Grand Lake. Recently he sold his home in Rogers City but had planned, on retirement, to return to Rogers City and build a home on the site of the Bradley farm.

Congressman BRADLEY was laid to rest Wednesday afternoon in the Rogers City Memorial Park beside the body of his only son. Mr. and Mrs. BRADLEY had but one child. The little one, named after his grandfather, Carl D., died in 1933 at the age of 2 years.

Mr. BRADLEY was a member of the Board of Visitors to the United States Coast Guard Academy and Coast Guard planes provided transportation in connection with the funeral. His body was flown to Alpena Tuesday. With him were Mrs. Bradley, her sister, Mrs. A. D. Cone, and Mr. Cone, her brother, H. G. Hillidge, of Front Royal, Va., House Sergeant at Arms Wm. Russell, Admiral Jos. Farley, of the United States Coast Guard, Comdr. C. D. Olson and Lt. Comdr. Bender, of New London.

Another plane brought the congressional delegation, Congressmen John D. Dingell, Bartel J. Jonkman, and Paul Shafer, of Michigan, and Congressmen George W. Gillie and Robert Grant, of Indiana. They were accompanied by Assistant Sergeant at Arms Zeak Johnson. Wednesday morning this congressional delegation was joined by Congressman Al Weichel, of Ohio, ranking member of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee.

The planes were met at Alpena by I. L. Clymer, president of the Michigan Limestone & Chemical Co. and a delegation of Rogers City citizens. An Alpena delegation and an honorary guard of State police were at the airport. Mr. BRADLEY'S body was brought to Rogers City to the chapel of the Shirtum-Ruggles funeral home to remain until the services.

The House, out of respect to Mr. BRADLEY'S memory, met and adjourned Monday without transacting any business.

A prayer service at the Shirtum-Ruggles funeral chapel at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon was followed by a church service at 2:30 at the Westminster Community Church. Rev. J. L. Kennedy, of Mount Clemens, former Rogers City pastor, assisted by Rev. William Lichau, officiated at the services. The Westminster Presbyterian Community Church was built during the lifetime of Mr. BRADLEY'S father and largely through his efforts and with his financial assistance, and stands as a monument to the members of the Bradley family.

With flags at half-mast, all business places and the schools closed during the hours of the funeral service. The plant of the Michigan Limestone & Chemical Co. closed at noon until 5 o'clock to allow

employees, many of whom were close friends of Mr. BRADLEY, to attend the services.

The Coast Guard ice breaker *Mackinaw* reported at Calcite at 4 o'clock and remained until Wednesday evening while personnel from the ship attended the services.

Governor Sigler, unable to be present because of a conference with Canadian officials in Sarnia, sent his personal secretary, George W. Averill, as his representative.

Among family members and close personal friends were Mr. BRADLEY'S brother, Ballard Bradley, and Mrs. Bradley, of Chicago; John G. Munson, former president of the M. L. & C. Co. and now vice president of United States Steel Corp.; J. M. Crans, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hinslea, of Cleveland; and Guy LaBounty, who lately has been associated with Mr. BRADLEY in Washington.

Mrs. Ann Cook and Al Christopherson, Mr. BRADLEY'S secretaries, arrived from Washington late Tuesday. Elbert Brenner, of Kalamazoo; Rice Fowler, of Charlotte; Merl K. Hopper, vice commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the Michigan department, arrived Wednesday morning.

Planes were to leave Lansing Wednesday morning bringing Floyd Evans; Representative Hugo Nelson, of Indian River; and Representative Emil Peltz, Representative George Knox, of the Soo; and Representative George Gerbach, of the UP; together with Governor Sigler's personal secretary, George Averill. All planes were grounded Wednesday morning, so the men left with State police escort and arrived here in time for the afternoon services.

Many friends and associates of Mr. BRADLEY from surrounding sections, particularly in this congressional district, and local friends and residents, filled the church beyond capacity. Amid beautiful floral tributes and in the presence of his friends, FRED BRADLEY was carried to his last resting place. His pallbearers were Harold Terry, Roy Dueltgen, Charles Hoffman, Capt. F. F. Pearse, A. D. Cone, and Guy LaBounty.

Honorary pallbearers were Admiral Joseph Farley, Commodore J. A. Hirchfield, Commander Carl B. Olsen, and Commander Chester Bender.

Mr. Speaker, I include a resolution received from the Oyster Institute of North America paying tribute to the late Honorable FRED BRADLEY, chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries:

Whereas Almighty God has taken from his work the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, Congressman from Michigan, who was chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries; and

Whereas Congressman BRADLEY, throughout his long career in Congress, has loyally served the best interests of the fishing industries and the Nation: Therefore be it

Resolved, That we of the National Shellfisheries Association and the Oyster Growers and Dealers Association of North America, in convention assembled, hereby record our deep sense of loss in his untimely death, and extend our profound sympathy to his family and colleagues.

Remarks by Representative Chiperfield

Of Illinois

Mr. CHIPERFIELD. Mr. Speaker, before the untimely passing of the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan, he prepared a radio broadcast for release on June 2.

Inasmuch as his remarks pay a high tribute to our United States Coast Guard, members of his staff felt they should be placed in the Congressional Record, and I am only too happy to comply with that request.

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD CUTTER "MACKINAW"

(By Hon. Fred Bradley)

"Yes, our ship came in today." In these words our neighbor Al Weber back on January 4, 1945, announced the arrival of the United States Coast Guard cutter *Mackinaw* at her home port of Cheboygan. "Our ship" is exactly what I whisper to myself every time that my eyes view that pride of the Coast Guard on the Great Lakes. I wonder how many of our district's citizenry truly appreciate what the world's mightiest ice breaker means to us in the Northland. Mother Nature has ordained that Lake Superior in particular be ice covered for at least 3 months every year but from stories told me, and from accounts carried by our newspapers and Great Lakes periodicals, this year she seemingly was on a warpath. Instead of the ice in the upper lakes breaking up to permit passage of our freighters by early April, our ore-carrying freighters were still battling ice the early days of May. On April 26, after almost 5 weeks of constant ice-breaking duty the *Mackinaw* returned to her home port for but 1 day with the intention of proceeding on to Bay City for fuel and further orders. Instead, she received another S O S and had to return north to rescue additional freighters which became icebound. Were it not for this champion of the Lakes, our 1947 navigation season, in all probability, would have not have opened up until May 1.

The *Mackinaw* is, of course, much more than an ice breaker and has many equally important duties to perform as a Coast Guard

cutter. She engages in rescue work 12 months out of the year, services lighthouses, puts out and picks up other aids to navigation, such as heavy buoys; and during certain weeks in the summer she serves as a training ship to give actual seagoing training to the graduating class of the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. At this point I might also mention that she participates in civic festivals which various of our larger cities schedule during the summer months, but this only when participation does not interfere with her operational commitments.

I keep a scrapbook on the *Mackinaw* because somehow I feel more or less paternalistic about her, if one can be pardoned for using that term in connection with a vessel. Having sponsored the legislation which made possible her construction, I like to closely follow her work in our midst and the efforts of her splendid officers and crew. Let me give you just a brief résumé of my 1946 clippings—these show you exactly what she means to Great Lakes interests. The very first one in January records the splendid leader chosen to be the new icebreaker captain—Commander C. H. Stober, who, incidentally, holds a splendid war record, as in fact do many of his crew. "Icebreaker *Mackinaw* off to busy season," and under this caption we learn that in the first 3 days of the 1946 season's icebreaking, she went to the assistance of seven ships; then two train ferries became stuck in the ice off Mackinaw City—the *Mackinaw* set them free. The February 11, 1946, issue of the Cheboygan Tribune records the *Mackinaw's* assistance to the icebreaker *Ste. Marie* when she was stopped by a heavy windrow of ice. And then the Republican News, in an editorial headed "Performances of *Mackinaw* reassured skeptics, if any," told its readers that this vessel in 1 month of 1946 had already proven her value. And here in their order are some other of the clippings on the *Mackinaw's* activities: "Three icebound craft released; *Mackinaw* goes to assist," this records the rescue of the fishing tub *Liberty* of Charlevoix and two lifeboats. "Coast Guard to survey straits ice," "The *Mackinaw* sails to fuel lighthouses"; "Icebreaker opens Soo locks Monday," and that clipping is dated March 20, 1946. "*Mackinaw* aids first carriers start season"; "Cutter tows in disabled fish tug"; and then we have numerous clippings on the Coast Guard Academy cadets who explored the wonders of our Great Lakes region aboard the *Mackinaw*; and how she was welcomed by hundreds at visits to various of our Lakes ports. During the 1946 winter season the *Mackinaw* assisted more than $15,000,000 worth of shipping which was icebound—and the records of the 1947 winter and spring seasons, from all indications, will be even more glorious.

I recognize, my listeners, that quite a few of you are well aware of the foregoing but some of you possibly are not. The United States Coast Guard—Uncle Sam's first Navy—has, and is, performing excellent work in our midst and I believe that each of us who is privileged to live in our marvelous Great Lakes region and is familiar with the activities of the Coast Guard is outspoken in his praise and thanks to those able servants of the public whose efforts have so frequently gone seemingly unnoticed.

I was extremely grateful for a letter which was written to me April 25, 1947, by Capt. T. Howard Saunders, chairman on navigation legislation, International Shipmasters Association of the Great Lakes. Aboard the steamer *Henry G. Dalton* he wrote me thus:

"I would like to take this opportunity to drop a few lines on a subject you have been most interested in; namely, the ice breaker *Mackinaw*, which is now successfully opening navigation on the Great Lakes, and surely as night follows day is doing a whale of a job living up to every expectation of her.

"I have had a chance to observe the operation at first hand; as, being master of one of our bigger ships, I have made a trip to Lake Superior and back with iron ore. I locked up at the Soo on April 13 and entered the ice field which extended 100 miles west of the Soo—the ice in Whitefish Bay, which you well know, was 15 to 30 inches, besides being windrowed in places up to 20 feet. I don't have to remind you, Congressman, that conditions like that are just too much for our freighters to get through—they have to have help like that given by the *Mackinaw* to get through.

"As the economy of this country is tied up in the operation of shipping on the Great Lakes, it is important that navigation get started as soon as possible. As a master with 40 years' experience, 25 of them sailing a boat, it is my considerate judgment that without the ice breaker *Mackinaw* navigation through Lake Superior would not be a possibility until May 1, or 20 days later. Not only that, but boats trying to force their way through alone would sustain untold damage which is impossible to calculate, and no doubt in my mind force a lot of ships to be drydocked.

"Yes, Congressman, all your efforts in behalf of the *Mackinaw* are paying dividends today, and you should feel pretty good about it all. The breaker is being expertly handled by Commander Stober and his staff. He is efficient, courteous, and very helpful. You know, breaking ice and getting ships moving is not the easiest task in the world, but the commander has been very gracious about it all.

"The Shipmasters Association, whom I represent, wish to express our heartfelt approval of it all to you and through you to all—a hearty thank you."

That letter was unsolicited, my listeners, and it is a tribute to the valiant men of the United States Coast Guard who 24 hours of the day do their duty well and many times "above and beyond the call of duty."

Under date of May 7, Mr. John T. Hutchinson, president of Lake Carriers' Association, Cleveland, directed a letter of thanks to Admiral Joseph F. Farley, Commandant of the United States Coast Guard, reading thus:

"The Lake Carriers' Association and all its member companies desire to express their appreciation of the invaluable assistance rendered this spring by the Coast Guard to shipping on the Great Lakes. Ice conditions have been so unusually severe that the opening of navigation would have been greatly delayed without the ice-breaking operations carried on by the Coast Guard.

"The Commander, Ninth Coast Guard District, Commodore James A. Hirshfield, and his Chief of Staff, Commander E. J. Roland, have met frequently with representatives of the Association to review the ice situation and to plan operations. Their cooperative spirit, their knowledge of localities and conditions, and their ability to plan and carry out necessary operations have been outstanding.

Commodore Hirshfield has used his forces with efficiency to the fullest extent. The cutters *Mackinaw, Woodrush, Tupelo, Acacia, Sundew,* and *Tahoma* have all been employed in ice breaking and have rendered yeoman service. The Association extends its thanks to the commanding officers and crew of all these vessels for their accomplishments under arduous conditions.

"While all the vessels performed exceptionally well, the work of the *Mackinaw* has been outstanding because of the inherent qualities of the vessel. Capt. C. O. Rydholm, chairman of the shore captains' committee of the association, was aboard this vessel for several weeks as an observer. He has expressed high praise for the ability of the commanding officer, Commander C. H. Stober, and for the efficiency of the other officers and the members of the crew. Captain Rydholm's hope that Commander Stober may remain on the *Mackinaw* so that his experience and knowledge may be available another year is seconded by the association.

"Commander T. A. Dahlburg at the Soo has been, as always, extremely cooperative and able in supervising operations at that critical point.

"I am taking the liberty of sending a copy of this letter to Commodore Hirshfield, Commander Roland, Commander Dahlburg, and the commanding officer of each cutter, in order that they may know the very great appreciation shipping interests on the Great Lakes have of their highly successful ice-breaking operations that hastened the opening of navigation on the Great Lakes in spite of unusually severe ice conditions."

It is letters of commendation such as I have just quoted which warm the hearts of public servants and inspire continued faithful service.

The present Commandant of the Coast Guard, Admiral Joseph F. Farley, a man most highly respected, is an inspiration to the men under his command. He graduated from the Coast Guard Academy in 1912; served on various cutters and destroyers; was signal officer on the cutter *Yamacraw* on convoy duty off Gibraltar during World War I and has to his credit over 30 years of meritorious service as an officer of the United States Coast Guard. I want to say that ever since I have been in Washington I have treasured my associations with the men who pilot this splendid military service of our country—I think each one has indelibly inscribed on his mind the mission of the United States Coast Guard Academy—"to graduate young men with sound bodies, stout hearts, and alert minds, with a liking for the sea and its lore, and with that high sense of honor, loyalty, and obedience which goes with trained initiative and leadership; well-grounded in seamanship, the sciences, and the amenities, and strong in the resolve to be worthy of the traditions of commissioned officers in the United States Coast Guard in the service of their country and humanity."

To Admiral Farley, to his associates whether in headquarters here or out in district offices and field stations, to the men under his command, I want to pay tribute at this time—all of you in this postwar period are faithfully fulfilling every demand made of you, just as you did during World War II and in fact as have those who have gone before you since the Coast Guard was founded in August 1790. "Semper Paratus"—Always Ready. You have been, and are, living up to your motto.

Remarks by Representative Gillie

Of Indiana

Mr. GILLIE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following sermon by Rev. William J. Lichan, of Rogers City, Mich., in memory of our late colleague, FRED BRADLEY:

Looking through the church records of Westminster Presbyterian Church, I found the first four names as follows: Carl D. Bradley, Emma Bradley, Fred V. N. Bradley, and Marie Bradley.

It was Carl D. Bradley who built Westminster Church and to the end the family have been supporters of it.

On occasions like this, one is called upon to render active service when one's feelings seem to impose silence rather than the call for words. Only 2 days ago, attending the general assembly at Grand Rapids, I heard the newsboys crying: "BRADLEY died—Read all about it." Yes, laymen and ministers alike came to me and said, "Sorry to hear of the sudden death of Congressman BRADLEY."

It is in this spirit as FRED'S pastor that I approach the duties of this hour. Most of you know Congressman BRADLEY as your personal friend, others like these distinguished guests from Washington, D. C., knew him as their colleague and coworker; yes, and true friend, but the letters which I have received from FRED in the past few months I shall always treasure. Here is but one paragraph from his last letter to me:

"It will be a pleasure if I can be of assistance in the two cases you mentioned in your letter, and you will hear from me again as soon as I have contacted the proper authorities here in Washington. Please be assured of my cooperation. With kindest regards to you, in which Mrs. Bradley joins me, I remain

"Sincerely yours,

"FRED BRADLEY."

Today we have come here from all walks of life at the call of death. Indeed his passing was a shock to all of us, yet it is one of the common and ever-recurring events in human affairs that people die. Those whom we love are taken from us and those whom we have known are with us no more. It is well for us in the midst of these circumstances to pause and think seriously about our

affairs and realize that this is not our abiding place. Death strikes in all places and among all classes.

Not so long ago it was FRED who said: "Washington with its rounds of entertainment in addition to the many legislative chores is more than many common Congressmen can take. It's physically and mentally a strain hardly imaginable to the folks back home." I am weary. "Let us get ready and go home," might have well been said by this one man. It was Roy Woodruff who said: "In my many years in the House, no Member's service has impressed me more favorably than Mr. BRADLEY'S." Are there words of comfort and hope for you Mrs. Bradley? You who from now on must walk alone in the paths you two have walked so oft together.

"Time brings us change and leaves fretting;
We weep when every comrade goes
Perhaps too much, perhaps forgetting
That over yonder there are those
To whom he comes and whom he knows.

"I would not hold our loss too lightly;
God knows and he, how deep the pain,
But friends, I see still shining brightly
The brightest link in all our chain
That links us to a new domain.

"For this I swear, because believing
Time breaks no circle such as this.
However hurt, however grieving,
However much a friend we miss,
Between the worlds is no abyss.

"For friendship binds the worlds together
World over there, world over here.
From earth to heaven is the tether
That brings the earth and heaven near
And makes them both a bit more dear.

"Not weaker now our chain, but stronger;
In all our loss and all our ill
We now shall look a little longer
At every star above the hill
And think of him, and have him still.

"Whatever vales we yet may wander,
What sorrow, what tempest blow,
We have a friend, a friend out yonder
To greet us when we have to go—
Out yonder someone that we know.

"To all eternity he binds us;
He links his planet with the star;
He rides ahead, the trail he finds us,
And where he is and where we are
Will never seem again so far."

—*Douglas Malloch.*

Let us pray.

Almighty and Eternal God, Father of comfort, who has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel of Christ, we thank Thee for words of hope and comfort that break upon us and our vision with a light from above. We praise Thee for the assurance that to depart from this earth and to be with Christ is far better, and to be absent from the body is to be at home with Thee. Turn our thoughts not downward to the grave, but heavenward to eternity.

We thank Thee for the boundless blessings that attend our earthly pathway; in a world full of anguish our sheltered lives are brightened with Thy sunlight and beauty. We praise Thee for the inspiration of friendship, especially do we thank Thee for the one whose memory we honor today. For the gentleness of his character, for the breadth of sympathies, for the power of his conviction, for his patience and courage, for his genius for friendship, for his loyalty to his State, his Nation, and his devotion as Congressman to his task and his willingness to aid those who were in need of aid, we give Thee thanks.

Now that for a time he has parted from us, we beseech Thee to bless this family circle that is severed, his companion who is bereaved. Grant that we all may be worthy of our loved ones and true to those who have put their trust in us. Send us back to our tasks with new cheerfulness and hope, gladly to accept whatever Thou dost give us. As we wait for the cloudless day to dawn and the shadows to flee away, give us an unquestionable faith in Thy Holy Will and to Thee shall be the honor and glory forever.

Amen.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *May 26, 1947.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Woodruff].

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty today to announce to the House the sudden passing of the distinguished Representative of the Eleventh Michigan District, the Honorable FRED BRADLEY. He departed this life on Saturday last while on an official visit to the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn.

This colleague was first elected in 1938 and has served continuously since. Members of this House have been increasingly impressed with his alertness, with his capacity for hard, intelligent, patriotic work, with his determination to do his full duty as he saw it, and with the splendid courage with which he always met the many controversial problems which confronted him. There has been no Member of this House, during my long years here, whose service has impressed me more favorably than his. I deeply regret the passing of this friend.

Mr. Speaker, the passing of a colleague brings to each and every one of us not only grief at the severing of associations, but a somber pondering on the meaning of this enigma of human existence. The mortal sense of life would make of man little more than the grass of the fields, flourishing for a brief season and then withering away. Compared to eternity, the human span is but a twinkling. We are apt to forget that billions of individuals have come and gone; the millions who are now living will, in no great stretch of time, join the silent majority. When we stop to realize by what a narrow margin we cling to that which we call life, we wonder not

that some of our colleagues have gone from us, but that more have not gone.

Every tenet of religious faith, every tenet of philosophy, every tenet of logic, every tenet of human hope bids us to be of good cheer, because our colleagues, having passed beyond our ken, are not forever blotted out, but live on and work on.

None can explain the mystery of death. We can hope. None can reason how or why our colleagues should have been called, except that that is the way of flesh. But there is vast consolation, Mr. Speaker, in the hope and the faith that our colleagues, somewhere, in some happier realm, labor on, rising ever upward in their striving to attain truth.

So, instead of grieving as our stricken colleagues depart, we can find it in our hearts to be grateful to Infinite Being that we were permitted to know them, to be associated with them, to work with them, and to cherish their memories as we hope those left behind when we go will cherish memories of us.

That great philosopher, that kindly gentleman, that able Justice of the Supreme Court, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, once put into words the hope and the faith that I would voice to you here today. Said he:

> I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing that it has never seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth, I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

It seems to be, Mr. Speaker, the common fate of kings and beggars, of just and unjust, of saint and sinner, that each of us shall sometime embark upon that journey from earth to the far yonder shores of an unknown eternity.

So it has been with the colleague and my devoted friend of whom we speak today. May his soul rest in peace to the end of time.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dondero].

Mr. DONDERO. Mr. Speaker, a long-distance call has been received by one of our colleagues, a member of the Michigan delegation. Congressman FRED BRADLEY, of Rogers City, Mich., left this world last Saturday on a journey from which no traveler returns.

In his desire to serve his country, which he loved devotedly, he contributed every talent he possessed. He symbolized unselfish devotion to duty and responsibility as a legislator and public servant. He was an able man, dynamic and forceful.

His district, the Eleventh Michigan, consists of 16 counties and is the largest in area in our State. It is one of the most important districts in the Nation because it includes the famous locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

He served the people of his district, with its diversified interests, with all the power at his command. If he ever erred in his zeal to advance their interests, that error was of the head and not of the heart.

He was chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. No Member of this body was better qualified to hold that most important position. He was thoroughly conversant with the subject and possessed an intelligent understanding of its problems.

He yielded all he had, even life itself, in his desire to discharge the trust reposed in him by his electorate.

He died literally standing up in line of duty with his boots on.

The people of his district have lost a true and trusted friend, our State has lost a wise and able counselor, and our Nation has lost a capable legislator and a courageous American.

May an unfaltering Christian faith sustain his widow and his family as it must sustain all of us when the shadows fall across the pathway of life.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Michener].

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, we are sad at heart this morning. Death has again invaded our ranks. This time Representative FRED BRADLEY, of the Eleventh Michigan District, has answered the final summons. We are again reminded that nothing is so uncertain in life as life itself.

When the House adjourned for the week end, Mr. BRADLEY was apparently in his usual health, carrying on his duties and meeting the great responsibilities, not only as a Representative of his congressional district but as chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, one of the important committees of the Congress. His sudden demise has disrupted a legislative career marked from the beginning by energy, determination, and courage. He always performed the duties at hand in an enthusiastic and capable way. With an adequate background of education and practical business experience, his views and conclusions were inevitably worth while.

Mr. BRADLEY was instinctively a salesman; that is, when he espoused a cause, he immediately became an advocate of the cause and was always on the forefront in selling his views to the Congress and to the country. His sincerity and his integrity were never questioned. He never condemned those who did not agree with him. He always recognized that in great problems of Government there is usually room for controversy, and he liked to talk things over and argue things through. In the end he accepted the judgment of the majority, in keeping with the principles of a representative democracy.

Coming from the great Northland in the great State of Michigan, he loved his district, was proud of its accomplishments, its resources, and the part that section played, and is playing, in the development of the country as a whole.

I never knew FRED BRADLEY until he came to Congress in 1939. Coming as I do from the extreme southern part of the State, I only knew him by reputation. We were all glad

to have so able an exponent of our great vacation land in Congress, and he always spoke with authority based on study and personal information. In business life he was most famaliar with shipping and the necessity of bringing the industrial part of our State in contact with the vital resources of his district. His particular knowledge in this line naturally qualified him for leadership on the great committee of which he was chairman at the time of his passing. Under his leadership that committee was in the dawn of a new era so far as our merchant marine, our fisheries, and the other matters over which he had jurisdiction are concerned. There was no chairman who ever took his job more seriously, and it is just too bad that his activities have been so abruptly terminated. His place will be difficult to fill at the moment. He was performing an official mission when stricken down. Indeed, it can be truthfully said that he died in the harness.

Mr. Speaker, we all liked FRED BRADLEY. One could not know him and feel otherwise. We sometimes wonder why such a young man with so much to live for should be taken away when the occasion seems so inopportune; however, it is not for us to judge. We must accept the inevitable because it must be for the best. A higher power makes these decisions. We must not mourn, but must rejoice in the fact that FRED BRADLEY lived and worked among us. Many a statute is a better law because he helped write it. Called away at a time when he apparently had most to live for, the shock is the greater. I am sure that we all join in genuine sympathy to his district and his charming wife.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Blackney].

Mr. BLACKNEY. Mr. Speaker, joy and sorrow are closely intermingled in this busy world of ours. Last week, our departed colleague, FRED BRADLEY, of Rogers City, Mich., was with us—happy and apparently in good health—daily performing his duties as a Member of the great House of Rep-

resentatives, and more particularly as chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. Now, he has passed to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Our former colleague was devoted to the service of his country, and the Eleventh District of Michigan had honored him for five consecutive terms in electing him as the United States Representative from that fine district. FRED was adequately prepared for the duties of that high office, both from the educational and business standpoint.

He was a graduate of Cornell University where he received his A. B. degree. He had served with his father in the building of a great business in which he was eminently successful. He was devoted to the people of his district. He loved constitutional government in its highest form, and his every thought was to serve his district, his State, and his Nation efficiently and well.

A fine public servant has departed with the resulting loss to his district and to his Nation. This House will miss him, and those of us who had the honor of being closely united in friendship will miss him greatly.

In this greatest of deliberative bodies, neither invective, sarcasm, nor partisanship can sever the bonds of real friendship.

With the poet we join:

There is no friend like an old friend
  Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
  No homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower
  With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
  With sweets in every fold.

We all join today in sorrow over FRED'S untimely death and our hearts extend our utmost sympathy to his widow and relatives in their hour of bereavement.

While FRED is gone, his memory will linger with us like the aroma of beautiful flowers as long as life lasts.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Hoffman].

Mr. HOFFMAN. Mr. Speaker, it is unnecessary for anyone to repeat what has been said here by my colleagues from Michigan showing the value of the service rendered his district, State, and Nation by our friend. There is only one note which I wish to add, and that is a personal one.

At the Republican State convention in 1938 Mr. BRADLEY introduced himself to me as a candidate for Congress from the Eleventh District, and wondered whether any of the Republicans who were in Congress would assist him. I told him I knew of one. He said he would call for me in Allegan. His home was near the northeastern end of the southern peninsula, mine in the southwest corner. He was doing his campaigning by auto and plane. I spent some 15 days in his district during that campaign.

If you will draw a line across the State, cutting off the upper third of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, you have that section of his district. A line running east and west, cutting the northern peninsula in two, extending some four or five hundred miles east and west, taking the southern half, will give you that section of his district, the easternmost point being as far east as Toledo, Ohio, while the western end is west of St. Louis, so you know something of the difficulties of campaigning in that district. FRED campaigned by plane and by auto, in fair weather and foul. We traveled from one end of the district to the other, sometimes by plane, and when forced down, then four or five hundred miles at a time by auto. Later, in a subsequent campaign, it was my privilege to be in that district for something like 10 days. It was hard, tiresome, uncomfortable work, and the days were long and the nights short.

You ask, What is the point of all this? The point is this, that during that 25 days, in the two campaigns, difficult as it was, tiresome as it was, and the weather was bad, there was never an hour when FRED was not looking first after my comfort, wanting to know and asking whether I was all right. He was not thinking of himself, of his own interests, but of the welfare of those around him. That was typical of his attitude during all the time I have known him, always thinking not of himself but of his friends and of what he could do for them. That characteristic is the thing that made him true and lasting friends. That is a quality that I think we might all keep in mind in our relationships with others. So today, putting aside this thought of the service he rendered to the country—and that was a great service—the thing that is first in my mind and heart is the way in which he always was so thoughtful of others, so solicitous of the welfare of all with whom he came in contact.

All who knew him wish him "good hunting" in the land to which he has gone.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Jonkman].

Mr. JONKMAN. Mr. Speaker, once again we are forcefully reminded that the sands of life run swiftly; we know not when the silver cord will be loosed, the golden bowl be broken.

Our colleague, FRED BRADLEY, was one of the four youngest members of the Michigan delegation. He was the first of that membership of 17 to answer the last summons during my service in the Congress. This thought made even more poignant the shock when on Saturday last I heard of his passing on.

Apparently robust and in the full vigor of manhood, he had well begun his work as chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. For this task he was eminently fitted—he was a natural. In it he worked for the joy of working and took to his job with a zest and zeal that was an in-

spiration as well as a great service to the Congress and his country. The few months in his new responsibility gave promise and were an earnest and of a long and outstanding leadership in these difficult times. But the Master of all good workmen had other plans. He took FRED BRADLEY unto Himself.

The country has lost an outstanding public servant. Michigan has lost a great citizen and we have lost a valued friend. His beloved wife, his friends, and his constituents have our deepest sympathy.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Bennett].

Mr. BENNETT of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, it was with deep regret that we learned of the sudden passing of our colleague, FRED BRADLEY, of the Eleventh Michigan District. Those of us who were privileged to have his friendship will feel his loss very keenly. FRED was a keen student of public affairs and an able legislator. He was always fearless and forthright in the position he took on legislative issues and fought vigorously to uphold his convictions. His superb sense of loyalty to his country and to the people of his own congressional district helped to mitigate against his health. He worked long and assiduously to perform to the fullest extent all of his congressional duties. The chairmanship of the important Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which he assumed at the beginning of this Congress, added further to his burdens and responsibility, and I fear, contributed further to his ill health.

To Mrs. Bradley, his widow, and a very fine lady, we all extend our deepest sympathy.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dingell].

Mr. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, the sad and shocking news of the premature passing of our distinguished colleague,

FRED BRADLEY, brings to mind the friendly warning of but a fortnight ago when I pleaded with him to reduce his burdensome schedule of official duties which visibly was sapping his energy and health.

But FRED BRADLEY was not the kind to spare himself, to shirk responsibility, or lay down in harness. He had a duty to perform even at the risk or expense of life itself.

It is perfectly understandable how great was the load which crushed his rugged, manly frame and stilled the noble heart which with the twofold purpose beat so friendly and warm for his fellow man and propelled him ever onward in the service of his constituency.

The lamentable passing of our colleague in the prime of life should serve to caution those of us left behind that danger lies ahead, and only the Lord knows who shall next be called before His throne. Watch and pray and take care meanwhile that you do not undertake to carry, at accelerated pace, a burden too great for your frail frame. That would be the advice of our departed friend and colleague.

May God rest his weary and deserving soul as He lends strength and consolation to his devoted wife and loved ones. We who have known him hold dear the precious equity of friendship and sorrow made easier to bear by the thought that our parting is but temporary and part of God's own plan and that someday we shall all meet again in Heaven.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Rayburn].

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, it was only within the last several months that I came to know FRED BRADLEY and in any wise have any friendship with him. He impressed me as one of the sturdy type. He impressed me as one who probably came from a long line of the sturdy type—I might say the fighting type of American citizen. Knowing him as I did, of course, my grief is not at all small, especially when one in the very prime and vigor of his life, when the career

he had hoped for was opening before him. It is my prediction that had Mr. BRADLEY lived he would have made one of the outstanding chairmen of the committees of the present Congress.

To his family and the people of his district who I know must have been deeply personally devoted to him, I extend my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Washington [Mr. Jackson].

Mr. JACKSON of Washington. Mr. Speaker, I was with our late colleague and friend, FRED BRADLEY, on his last congressional assignment as a member of the Board of Visitors to the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn.

He had had a busy day going over the various problems in connection with the work of the Academy and was about to leave for a week's rest in his home State of Michigan when death came suddenly.

It had been my great pleasure to serve actively with FRED BRADLEY on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, of which he was chairman, for the past 7 years. FRED BRADLEY had a keen interest in everything maritime. He was a great advocate of making the American merchant marine paramount on the high seas. All of his energies and efforts were centered in that direction. It was his hope that America would maintain that supremacy in the years to come.

He had a great love for his home State, and particularly the Great Lakes region. As a member of the Merchant Marine Committee, and later as chairman, he was responsible for the focusing of attention on this great area as a vital part of our great shipping operations. His determination and persistence were responsible for legislation that was not only beneficial to his own region but to the entire Nation as well.

He performed his duties as chairman with a high degree of fairness. Never have I known the element of partisanship to enter into the deliberations and discussions of our meet-

ings. He was always determined to do only those things which would be in the best interests of the American merchant marine.

Mr. Speaker, I personally have lost a true and valued friend. The country, and the American merchant marine in particular, have lost an able and devoted public servant.

I join with my colleagues in extending to his family my deepest sympathy.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the House is saddened by the death of our late friend, FRED BRADLEY. Many great figures in the history of our country have come and gone as Members of this great body, and they have all left their imprint upon the legislative pages of this body and of our country. FRED BRADLEY, during his term of service in this body, served the people of his district, his State, and our country with devotion, and with seriousness. He has left his marked imprint upon the legislative pages of this great body.

We shall all miss him, those who knew him personally as well as those who knew him officially.

A serious mind, a pleasant personality, his leaving creates a gap that will be hard to fill. His unfortunate death has made a deep impression upon all his colleagues without regard to party. We all grieve his passing.

As chairman of the great Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries during this session of Congress FRED BRADLEY gave evidence of the great capacity he possessed as a legislator and was giving to that committee, to the House, and to the Congress the character of leadership so necessary in these trying days.

To his widow I join with the many friends of our late colleague in expressing my sympathy.

To the people of his district and to the State of Michigan and to the Michigan delegation in the House I join with my other colleagues in expressing my deep sorrow on the passing of this fine character, this outstanding legislator.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Coffin].

Mr. COFFIN. Mr. Speaker, as one of the newer Members of this Congress, I join with my colleagues and especially with the Members of the Michigan delegation in paying a tribute of love and respect to the memory of our friend, FRED BRADLEY.

The sentiments expressed on the floor of this House today give evidence of the high respect and regard in which he was held by the membership generally on both sides of the House. The statements that have been made here today by the members of his committee, over which he has served with such distinction as chairman during this first session of the Eightieth Congress have been particularly impressive. FRED BRADLEY on many occasions has gone out of his way to be helpful to me as a freshman Member of this Congress. On numerous occasions when I have gone to him with a request for advice and counsel with regard to matters which were being handled by the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee I have been deeply impressed with his thorough and complete knowledge of every problem that was before his committee for consideration. In almost every instance he knew the answer to the question which brought me to his office. If he did not know the answer, he never would permit me to depart from his office until he had secured from others the information I was seeking. His consecration and devotion to the responsibility of his high office as chairman of this committee were both amazing and inspiring and his intelligence with reference to all matters affecting the problems of our merchant marine and fisheries was amazing to me. Although it has been my privilege to know FRED BRADLEY for only a few

months, I pay to his memory today the debt of gratitude that I often tried so inadequately to express to him in our many contacts in his office. My thoughts go out particularly at this hour to the wife who even in her grief at his passing must find comfort in the loyalty of FRED BRADLEY'S devotion to the interests of his country and in the great service which he has been permitted to render in the work of this present Congress.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Youngblood].

Mr. YOUNGBLOOD. Mr. Speaker, I was profoundly shocked to learn of the all too untimely death of our colleague, FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan. I came to know him well and regarded him as one of the leaders in Congress. At a later and more appropriate time I will address the membership of this body in tribute to my departed friend.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Knutson].

Mr. KNUTSON. Mr. Speaker, again the House is called upon to perform a melancholy task. FRED BRADLEY, whose memory we shall long cherish, had many splendid attributes, the most outstanding of which were his fearlessness and devotion to the welfare of our country. He occupied, as has been stated by previous speakers, a very important position in this organization, and he was admirably equipped for the work that lay ahead of him. Unfortunately, FRED BRADLEY took little heed of his own personal welfare and comfort. He utterly disregarded the precept of that old Chinese philosopher who said: "Relax, it is later than you think."

FRED BRADLEY gave a full measure of his strength and of his ability to his country, to his State, and to his district. I need not say that we shall all miss him. To his devoted wife we give our sympathy and words of comfort. We truly grieve with her in the great loss she has sustained.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Sadowski].

Mr. SADOWSKI. Mr. Speaker, I was deeply shocked and grieved to learn of the sudden and untimely death of FRED BRADLEY, my friend and colleague from Michigan.

Today, first of all, we want to extend our deepest heartfelt sympathies to his good wife and companion, and to the members of his family. We join her in mourning in this hour of sorrow, and pray that God may give her courage and strength to bear her burden.

Although FRED BRADLEY was a Republican and belonged to his party organization, he was never a narrow partisan. Democrats and Republicans alike honored, respected, and loved him.

He was a leader, and an energetic, hard-working legislator who was painstaking, thorough, and dependable and took a broad national view of his responsibilities as a Member of Congress. His country's welfare came first in the discharge of his duties in Congress, and he was faithful to the trust that the people of Michigan reposed in him. He served them impartially and to the utmost of his unusual ability.

He was a good friend to all of us. This is why he enjoyed the respect and esteem of the whole Michigan delegation, regardless of party, and I know that this is the feeling of the entire membership of the House of Representatives. He was a man of great character and pleasant disposition, a great American and a true Christian.

FRED BRADLEY represented the Eleventh Congressional District of Michigan. This is the northern part of the State, often referred to as God's country, the vacationers' paradise. This district borders on three of the Great Lakes—Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, and Lake Huron. This is the land of greatness—great trees, great forests, great lakes, ocean-sized vessels, great fishing, great hunting, plenty of deer, bear, and game of all kinds. Some great blizzards and great storms,

too. Here you see Nature in all its splendor and glory. Here you also see Nature as rough and tough, powerful and dynamic.

FRED BRADLEY was truly a part of his district. He not only represented it, he lived it; he reflected its every mood and season. He was part of the great north country. He was truly a man from northern Michigan. A pleasant disposition, generous and kindly, soft and considerate of others; yet a man with unlimited energy, great driving power, and physical strength.

He loved to work hard. He did not know what it was to rest and take it easy. He loved ships and the great waters of northern Michigan. He loved to fish and hunt. He loved the great outdoors, his dog, the woods, the streams. He loved all of nature and its wonders. He loved his district and its people. The people loved him and elected him again and again.

In his passing we have lost a friend and a worthy and able colleague; the State of Michigan and the Nation have lost a loyal and devoted citizen and public servant. His colleagues, the Congress, his State, and his country will miss him.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Rhode Island [Mr. Forand].

Mr. FORAND. Mr. Speaker, I was greatly shocked late Saturday evening to hear over the radio of the death of our good friend and colleague, FRED BRADLEY. I was shocked because at 2 o'clock in the afternoon I shook hands with him on the steps of the administration building at the United States Coast Guard Academy, in New London, Conn., and bid him a good vacation. FRED had planned that instead of returning to Washington with the Board of Visitors he would go to New York and there board a train and go to Michigan for a week's rest.

I well recall my last words to him. In a jesting mood I said: "It is very nice of you fellows"—I was referring to the

members of the Board of Visitors who were not flying back with us—"to see us off and to you, FRED," and I extended my hand, "let us hope your vacation is a good one because you need it."

FRED was a man of rather gruff appearance, but within that breast of his was a heart of gold. He thought not of himself but of others. While we were of opposite political parties we were the closest friends. I mourn his answer to the last roll call.

To his wife, to his family, to the people of his district I extend my sympathy and, to you, let me say that this country is better because FRED BRADLEY has lived.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Bradley].

Mr. BRADLEY. Mr. Speaker, as a new Member it has been my privilege to know FRED BRADLEY only a short time in comparison with many of you, but due to the fact that we have the same name, to the probability that we were distantly related, to our similarity of interests in ships and shipping, and to my membership on the committee of which he was chairman, I have been in close contact with him and have learned to appreciate his rugged virtues and his sterling honesty.

FRED and I have traveled together; we have addressed the same meetings; we have tried to solve the same problems, some of the most difficult which confront the Nation in matters pertaining to the sea.

FRED loved his country, his State, his home, his family, his friends, and his ships—whether those ships sailed the oceans of the world or the inland seas we call the Great Lakes. He met life boldly even as a stanch ship meets the waters of a turbulent ocean. He basked in the sunshine of good weather. He smiled and fought on when the going was tough.

I shall sorely miss FRED BRADLEY, the gentleman from Michigan, the friend of fishermen, of seamen, of canal workers,

of wildlife conservationists, of the industrialists who make jobs possible, and of every true American.

May we who go on in life struggling against the obstacles of injustice, poverty, and oppression keep the thought of this departed friend ever green in our memories so that we may better serve America—the land which God has allotted to our safekeeping.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. Hand].

Mr. HAND. Mr. Speaker, after years of service, which was always too strenuous, it can now truthfully be said that FRED BRADLEY has yielded up to his country the last full measure of devotion. It has been frequently said in the last few minutes, and with great truth, that he always worked too hard; that he cared more for others; that he paid more attention to his duties to his country than he did for himself; and that I know particularly well because in the last few days I was with him a great deal of the time. He spoke in New York on Wednesday evening on matters of consequence to the merchant marine of this country. He came back and spoke again in Washington Thursday evening on the same subject. He left early Friday with the Board of Visitors for New London, Conn., and spent two strenuous days there, and it can be said that up until the very minute of his death, almost, because his death was very sudden, he was engaged in a strenuous and patriotic and selfless service to his country.

I might say of him as the chairman of his committee, which I have the privilege of being a member, that nowhere was his selflessness and his self-effacing more apparent. He was doing a grand job on that committee, and one of the reasons why he did is because he gave to all the membership duties to perform, and he effaced himself. That virtue was no more freely characterized than on this last trip that we took with him to New London. He was a grand man, an unselfish man, a distinguished chairman, and a great Ameri-

can, and his death leaves the House and the Nation much poorer.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Bonner].

Mr. BONNER. Mr. Speaker, on becoming a Member of the House of Representatives, I was assigned to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. There I met the friend whom we mourn today. Those were the trying days of the approach of war. During the war that committee had a dual service to perform with the Committee on Naval Affairs and the other great committees that handled the legislation authorizing the effort that we put forth for that great struggle. Among the membership of that committee was FRED BRADLEY. He was faithful. He was attentive. He was always present, and as the war progressed and as controversial legislation came before the committee, FRED BRADLEY was fair. FRED BRADLEY was just in the charges that arose in the consideration of the committee. He lent his effort and his strength to the then chairman of the committee, who was having a difficult time. Because of his fairness, his kindness, and his justice in his associations with the other members of the committee, I became very much attached to him. As the years went on, I had the pleasure of accompanying him on missions for the committee. There I learned to know him better; there I learned to admire him more. I can truthfully say he was a fair, square shooter and an earnest, hard worker for the welfare and the progress not only of Congress and the Nation but all those with whom he came in contact. I learned to admire him highly and to enjoy his company. I was delighted when he became chairman of the Merchant Marine Committee. As chairman, he never disappointed me. I approved his leadership. Saturday, when I heard the sad news of his passing, my wife and I both bowed our heads, because we had had jointly the pleasure of knowing him and his fine wife and being asso-

ciated with them on many occasions. I shall miss FRED as you will miss him. We will miss him as the folks back home will miss him. God take care of his soul and rest his spirit.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Potts].

Mr. POTTS. Mr. Speaker, I came to know FRED BRADLEY when I was appointed to the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. FRED was a very stern man, a very firm man, when he needed to be, but beneath his hard outward crust there beat a very warm heart. He was always very kind with all of his friends. He was always eminently fair. There was not a witness who appeared before the committee who did not feel that he got a fair break before FRED BRADLEY.

We who are members of that committee were not particularly shocked at his passing, because we rather expected it. We knew the way he was driving himself and the fits of coughing he had which were an outward sign of his heart condition. Many of us on the committee commented that we wished FRED would take it easy, that we were afraid for his health. What we feared has come to pass. He knew that he was sick. He knew that he should not have gone to the Panama Canal with the committee, but he did. He had been there before, and there was no real occasion for his so endangering himself. He came with the Board of Visitors to the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy just a week ago. I was on that Board. He was a pretty sick man then. He could not climb the stairs, but he did show up at the Academy.

He knew ships. His father before him had been a merchant mariner, and he carried on in a great tradition. There was nothing about ships that he did not know or could not understand. He really knew his subject.

I know it is a great loss to his wife, to his State, and to his constituents that FRED is gone. They will miss him, and we will miss him, too.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Grant].

Mr. GRANT of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, in times like these, when the Grim Reaper has come within our midst and has claimed the life of one of our loved ones, we do not find words to express the feelings that are in our hearts. FRED BRADLEY is gone, and in his passing the people of the Eleventh District of Michigan and the people of this country have lost a great American. To his lovely and devoted wife, Marie, we join in expressing our deepest sympathy.

FRED BRADLEY and I came to Congress at the same time. We were part of that large group which came here with the Seventy-sixth Congress. Almost from that first day there grew up between his family and mine a real and lasting friendship. I had the pleasure of visiting FRED in his home up around the Straits of Michigan and came to know something of the esteem and admiration with which those fine people looked at FRED as their Member of Congress.

In times like these it is difficult to understand the whys of all this. In fact, we cannot understand. It is for us but to believe and to hold fast to our belief in immortality and to the faith that we will see our friend FRED again in another world.

That belief that was best expressed by the poet who wrote:

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Mundt].

Mr. MUNDT. Mr. Speaker, as was stated by the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Grant], who just addressed the Chamber, FRED BRADLEY came to Congress in the class of seventy-six, of which both Mr. Grant and I were also Members.

Due to the fact that almost every Wednesday night that Congress has been in session since that time the Republican Members of the Seventy-sixth Congress have met around the dinner table and discussed matters of public business and listened to speeches on public affairs, there has grown up a very close special attachment among the members of what we call the Seventy-six Club. Among the members of that group FRED BRADLEY was very prominent and very highly respected. He was a very loyal attendant at those meetings.

Those of us who came to know him so well through these weekly occasions recognized early that FRED BRADLEY was as forthright as he was friendly. He was a man of very strong likes and dislikes. Anybody who knew FRED BRADLEY at all always knew where FRED BRADLEY stood. He disliked anything shoddy. He disliked anything un-American. He abominated communism. He disliked the chiseler and the short sport. He was always prominent in activities and in legislative matters which would eliminate cheating, bad sportsmanship, and unfairness in any form.

I think it is typical of FRED that he took time from his busy life to introduce legislation to protect homeless dogs in Washington because FRED loved dogs and dogs liked FRED, which is after all a pretty good measure of a man.

FRED was equally emphatic in his likes. He loved America and the people of America, regardless of rank, position, or power. He loved the out of doors. He loved to hear the crack of a gun in the field and he loved to listen to the zing of a fishing reel. He loved to feel the roll of a boat under his feet because he loved nature. He was in truth one of nature's noblemen.

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY

FRED BRADLEY and his charming wife, Marie, are very special friends of Mrs. Mundt and me. We were together many times. I was at his home just last night. While his death came unexpectedly to us, I am sure it did not come unexpectedly to FRED. He had been warned about his heart condition. About a year ago he spent several weeks at naval hospital with the ailment which eventually terminated his career. He was warned to take it easy, to go slow; but typical of FRED he chose the braver and nobler course. He refused to slow down. He refused to take it easy. So FRED went out as he went on, with colors flying, and the signal in the pilot room reading, "full speed ahead."

To his wife, Marie, and the relatives, I extend my greatest sympathy. To the people of Michigan who elected him, I congratulate them on their wisdom in their choice, and commiserate with them in their misery at his passing. The Congress and the country have lost a great man and the merchant marine industry one of its greatest lifetime friends. The ancient writer, Agricola, one time said, "Death comes to all, but great achievements raise a monument which shall endure until the sun grows cold." The achievements of FRED BRADLEY in his unhappily abbreviated career will long bear living testimony to his rugged personality, his generous spirit, and his great love for America. May his spirit rest in peace.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Gillie].

Mr. GILLIE. Mr. Speaker, we have gathered today to pay tribute to a loyal friend and colleague who died suddenly at New Britain, Conn., while on tour of duty at the Marine College last Saturday, May 24.

Mrs. Gillie and I were profoundly shocked to pick up the Baltimore Sun at the home of our daughter in Baltimore

Sunday and to learn of the sudden death of FRED BRADLEY. I have not yet overcome the shock as his death still seems unreal.

FRED BRADLEY and I came to the Congress 9 years ago—the Seventy-sixth Congress. I learned to know him intimately. He was a tireless worker in the House. Later, he became chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, subjects on which he was so well informed. He labored long and enthusiastically to try and help its cause. FRED'S father, who was the founder of the Bradley Line on the Great Lakes, gave him the knowledge and foresight for the work he was to carry on in this great committee.

FRED not only worked hard, but he played hard. He loved the great out-of-doors, was a great hunter and fisherman. I have been his guest several times at his lovely cottage on beautiful Grand Lake, Mich. As a host he was a past master, looking after your every want at all times. His guests were given every consideration during their stay.

FRED was one of the organizers and leaders of the Wednesday Evening Club, of which I am a member. It was organized by the Republican Members of the Seventy-sixth Congress, at which top-flight Government men and others spoke on important Government problems.

He was an agreeable companion, loyal and sincere in the discharge of self-assumed obligations and duties. He was a sturdy citizen of the great State of Michigan who has done much for his country and for his constituency of the Eleventh District.

FRED will be remembered for his gentle traits of character which endeared him to his many friends.

And to his lovely wife, Marie—may the precious memories you cherish of your life together and of FRED'S unselfish devotion to you and to his country, sustain you now and in the days to come.

The sentiments expressed in the following poem seem to me to bespeak the thoughts that come to my mind at the passing of this fine friend and American:

THE END OF THE ROAD

Tonight we have come to the end of the road, and the way gleams white behind,
With but few dark spotches to mar its course, a few that are hard to find—
But the length of the road gleams white, my friend, for the journey was well run,
And we come to the end with a brief regret, that at last the task is done.

There was joy in seeking the distant goal, whatever the odds between,
There was faith in surmounting the higher hill, with a vision to be seen;
Thus we laughed as we battled them, one by one, for we knew we could not fail,
And we gloried in sighting a farther one, close by the end of the trail.

Here's a sigh for the vales and pleasant dales, for the streams that glided through,
Here's a sigh for the friends whom we met en route and a hope that they win out, too.
To the end of the road with a course well run, what epitaph more could say,
That we held to the faith as we journeyed through and smiled as we won our way?

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Larcade].

Mr. LARCADE. Mr. Speaker, while I had occasion to know FRED BRADLEY only casually during my first 4 years in the Congress, it was only in the early part of this term that I came to know him well, having been with him every day for 2 weeks on a Merchant Marine Committee investigation trip to the Panama Canal.

Some of us take a longer time to really know a man, but I learned in that time to know FRED BRADLEY. Some of us do not know a man until we see him "carry the ball."

As chairman of the Merchant Marine Committee charged with the supervision of the Panama Canal, FRED BRADLEY recognized fully the responsibilities of his committee with respect to this most important and strategic holding of our Government with its huge financial investment, and since under the reorganization of the Congress there were many new members of the Merchant Marine Committee, Mr. BRADLEY decided that it was not only necessary for the new members of the committee to visit Panama, but also the other members of the committee who had not been there, in order that they might see first-hand the immensity of the agency they were charged to supervise, but also to make an investigation as to whether or not the Canal Zone was properly and economically administered.

Changes and improvements in the Canal Zone were being proposed and FRED BRADLEY insisted that his committee visit Panama to make an investigation, not only in this regard, but from every angle. He was that way about everything. He had to be convinced.

Mr. Speaker, FRED BRADLEY was a courageous man. He was a man of high character, a patriotic American, a fearless leader, yet most considerate and tolerant toward others. He was charitable, yet exacting.

Our country has lost an able and valuable Member of the Congress, and we in the House have lost a fine colleague.

I join in extending our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Bradley.

As Shakespeare said:

> That strain again; it had a dying fall;
> Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor.

Mr. Speaker, we can well use the words of Halleck in our farewell to FRED BRADLEY:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our better days;
None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, we have lost a valuable Member, a great American, and a good friend to all of us. I have been an admirer of FRED BRADLEY for many years. He was a fraternity brother of mine. He belonged to the Delta Chi of Cornell University. I followed his career for many years while he was at Cornell. He was one of the most popular men who ever entered the university. He had a fine influence on those with whom he associated. There are literally thousands of Cornell men and women today who will mourn the death of FRED BRADLEY.

He had all the qualities of a fine sailor; he had all the bravery and the courage of a real navigator. He knew that the ship which his spirit occupied was hardly able to weather the storm of this great forum, but he carried on like a true sailor, headed into the storm and carried through to the end. Let us, his friends here mourning and bidding him good-bye, realize that as he sailed out on the high seas for another world and disappeared over the horizon, let us have faith that on the shore of that other world stand many friends waiting to welcome him to his final home.

I sympathize deeply with his wife. He had a happy domestic life.

The friends and loved ones he leaves behind can well be proud of the fine record he has made here in Congress. He has really made a great contribution to the welfare of his country.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Edwin Arthur Hall].

Mr. EDWIN ARTHUR HALL. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege to come to the House in the same Congress with FRED BRADLEY. Throughout the years I found him to be a friend such as Marc Antony had in Caesar: He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

To give you some idea of the typical energy of FRED BRADLEY's make-up let me recall that one evening about 12 midnight FRED called me and asked me to go with him on a sojourn which would have taken us a hundred miles into Virginia to attend an international conference, because he felt that it was the duty of Members of Congress to be present at this particular gathering to look after the interests of America.

FRED BRADLEY was a great American. He was a patriotic citizen. He served his district well in Congress.

When one of our associates passes away or when someone close to us leaves us we are wont to associate the incident with the words of the bard of Avon—I think this applies particularly to our departed colleague in our sentiment and feeling toward him:

> For it so falls out
> That what we have we prize not to its worth
> Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value; then we find
> The virtue that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Vorys].

Mr. VORYS. Mr. Speaker, the death of FRED BRADLEY hit me mighty hard. I am another of those who came here with him in the Seventy-sixth Congress. We always felt that the Spirit of '76 dominated us and we were an independent crowd. FRED was certainly independent. I am another of the mem-

bers of the Wednesday Night Club that FRED attended so regularly. I have been in his home, I have flown with him in his airplane. He was a great-hearted friend and I shall miss him. I know how his fine wife, Marie, is going to miss him. My heart goes out to her, and to all his family, for I shall miss him, too.

I know how the people of his district will miss him, because FRED BRADLEY put his district on the map with me as few other Congressmen have. Many of you remember the smelt festival that he gave here when he entertained the whole House one evening down in the dining room and conducted some championship contests and had the Queen of Smeltania there and made everybody realize what a great district he had.

He was a valuable man on the House floor and in committee; he was a valuable man to his country.

But what I thought about FRED most is that he exemplified this word we speak of so often—self-sacrifice. He believed in sacrificing himself. He realized that time cannot be saved; it can only be spent.

Mr. Speaker, I never knew a man who drove himself as hard as FRED BRADLEY; I never knew a man who looked so stern yet was so gentle; I never knew a man who tried so to give the appearance of being hard, yet once you had any contacts with him you realized that he was soft-hearted, great-hearted, gentle, and generous.

At a time like this we all think about immortality. I am thinking of FRED now. He is not dead. FRED BRADLEY was too tough to kill, he was too fine to die. He had a spirit that will never die and while he is not here now physically, he is around us spiritually, he is living and will live in our hearts and in our memories, forever. His is the kind of indomitable spirit that does not die.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Gavin].

Mr. GAVIN. Mr. Speaker, the passing of our very dear friend and colleague, FRED BRADLEY, brings great sorrow to our hearts.

Over the past several years I learned to know him and admire him greatly. He was a cheerful, friendly fellow who delighted when any acts or deeds of his brought happiness to the rest of us.

His devotion to and love of country was something to be admired. He was earnest and sincere, and always ambitious to uphold and defend the fine ideals and traditions of our Nation.

We are all mindful of the great service he has rendered and his devotion to the best and finest things in life.

He strove mightily to attain those objectives which he thought were for the best interests of all our people. In his daily life he manifested a fine spirit of good fellowship that we all so greatly enjoyed.

His work here in the Congress was outstanding and will be long remembered.

May God give to his wife and family great comfort and consolation at this time. We pay him this last tribute and bid him this last farewell.

Mr. WOODRUFF. I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Chiperfield].

Mr. CHIPERFIELD. Mr. Speaker, it was with profound sorrow and the keenest sense of personal loss I learned of the passing of our friend and beloved colleague from Michigan, FRED BRADLEY.

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with FRED shortly after we were elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress, almost 9 years ago. During that time I not only came to admire and respect him as a fine patriotic, conscientious public servant, but will always cherish the memory of him as one of my best and truest friends.

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY

Everyone takes pride in a man who thinks straight, says what he thinks, and votes the way he talks. Such a man was FRED BRADLEY. He fought for what he believed was right, and he believed in those basic principles of American freedom which have made this country great. He had unbounded courage to publicly state his convictions. He stood steadfast by those convictions first, last, and all the time.

No one was better qualified by experience and background to be chairman of the important Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. With his wide business experience in shipping, his boundless energy to acquaint himself with every detail of his burdensome task, he literally worked himself to death. He died just as much for his country as if he had been killed in battle.

There are few indeed in public office who will sacrifice not only their lives but spend considerable of their own personal fortunes in serving their constituency. FRED did exactly that.

To those of us who knew FRED best, it was not his statesmanlike ability to carry out his official work far beyond the call of duty that we admired, but his kindliness, his generosity, and devotion to his family and friends.

FRED loved the Northland—its forests, lakes, and streams. He thoroughly enjoyed hunting, fishing, and other sports which it so abundantly affords. He had a kindly affection for all dumb animals and was especially devoted to his faithful dog Curly who lies buried there.

FRED is going home to the country he loved. Not only his constituency and his State, but the Nation will mourn his passing.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may be permitted to extend their remarks at this point in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Michigan?

There was no objection.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, there is little that I can add to what has already been said about the passing of our distinguished colleague, the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan.

Along with the rest of you, I join in extending my heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow, one of the most elegant ladies who ever graced the Nation's Capital.

Someone has referred to the friendships that spring up between members of the different political parties in this House as the flowers that overhang the walls of party politics.

FRED BRADLEY was one of the best friends I had in this body; and I valued that friendship beyond measure.

My love and admiration for him sprang from the fact that he was a great American whose loyalty and devotion to his country rose high above the scramble for party vantage or the noisy clamor of men for place and power.

He possessed that rare quality which Vice President Garner said was so badly needed in both Houses of Congress, and that is moral courage. He had the courage to vote his convictions and to stand for what he thought was to the best interest of his country. If we had more men with the courage and patriotism of FRED BRADLEY in both Houses of Congress, and in every department of this Government, communism would not dare raise its loathsome head in our midst, and our Nation would soon be relieved of the menace of the enemies within our gates.

I cannot realize that he is gone. It seems but yesterday that I had a long conversation with him in the rear of the Chamber on the activities of the Communist menace in this country. I did not know then that he was leaving on his last voyage, or taking his final flight in his attempts to strengthen our country from within.

If I had, I would have said to him:

May those winged winds that round your pathway roar
Waft you to some favored spot, where mortals weep no more.
Or may the rolling of the mighty deep, whose billows round you play
Bear you to some sacred place, some haven far away,
Where the weary soul may find the bliss for which it sighs,
Where sorrow never lives and friendship never dies.

Mr. SPRINGER. Mr. Speaker, today we have assembled to pay our last tribute to one of our fellow workers who has passed into the Great Beyond—FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan.

We entered Congress at the same time, on January 3, 1939. We were first sworn in together to serve in this great lawmaking body. We became warm friends upon entering Congress, and this fine friendship has continued, without abatement, until he was called into the Great Beyond on last Saturday. Now, that friendship is but a treasured memory—which will long endure. FRED BRADLEY was a loyal friend, a kindly neighbor, and an outstanding statesman. He was fearless and he was brave—yet, with it all, he was kind and he was generous to all mankind.

Mr. Speaker, the imprint which FRED BRADLEY has left with me—which will long remain—was his tremendous and unabated loyalty to his country, to our people, and to our Constitution. In all of his activities in Congress, his sturdy loyalty to our Nation, to all of the people, and to our form of government was ever apparent. He ever asserted strength in his likes and his dislikes, and as he meditated thus he spoke. He was an archenemy of communism and of every form of un-Americanism; he firmly believed in combating every doctrine which was subversive in whole or in part, or which was in any manner inimical to a 100 percent Americanism. He loved the people of his great State of Michigan. The people were his friends and he was their friend. It was there and among them that he enjoyed the pleasantries of youth, there he attended the institutions of learning, and there, too, he met and conquered the privations and hard-

ships which he confronted; thus, he became deep-rooted in his great affection for all of those about him. The people of his district, and of his State, quickly learned that he was a stanch and loyal friend in whom they could repose the choicest ideals of life. He never betrayed their confidence. He was sincere, and he was honorable, in all of the activities of life.

Mr. Speaker, my good friend, whose memory I will long cherish lived as he died—and he died as he lived—with the weight of the livid problems of the people before him. He was at his post of duty when the silent summons came. He was unafraid. He responded to that summons—just as he had responded to every call during life.

Thus, Mr. Speaker, the life work of FRED BRADLEY was ended. The brilliant career of our kindly friend was thus terminated.

FRED BRADLEY needs no encomium. His life and his living of it stand before us as his monument.

We can but say:

> Away. We know that tears are vain,
> That death nor heeds nor hears distress;
> Will this unteach us to complain?
> Or make one mourner weep the less?
> And thou, who tellst me to forget,
> Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Mr. WELCH. Mr. Speaker, I, with every other friend of the late Honorable FRED BRADLEY, was shocked to hear of his sudden passing on Saturday last.

When FRED first came to Congress he became a member of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. We were closely associated in the work of that committee until I assumed my present duties as chairman of the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives, when it became necessary for me to surrender my membership with him on the Merchant Marine Committee.

FREDERICK VAN NESS BRADLEY

To know Congressman BRADLEY was to have a deep affection for him. His sincerity of purpose and devotion to the American Merchant Marine were surpassed by no Member of Congress within my memory. His early training and environment based upon his family's maritime interests gave him the opportunity to early know the problems of the American merchant marine. He used this knowledge for its constructive development as both an arm of our peacetime economy and our wartime national defense. His sudden passing leaves a void at one of the most crucial periods in the history of the American merchant marine. The Nation, the State of Michigan, his congressional district, and his family have suffered a great loss.

Mr. RAMEY. Mr. Speaker, one of our Ohio colleagues, Mr. John Vorys, evidently had in mind that the late Dr. Washington Gladden, author of the hymn, Oh Master Let Me Walk With Thee, was thinking of such men as our colleague, FRED BRADLEY, when he stated, "Life is to be spent, not saved."

FRED BRADLEY truly spent his life in behalf of his country and others. Again and again FRED BRADLEY had been told by those of professional skill to take it easy, to relax, and to save himself. Yes; he had been warned not to go to Panama and New London, but FRED thought not of saving himself but spent everything he had, knowing that he had the skill that would save his country and could do so more constructively in regard to the merchant marine, its activities, and our shores and lakes as well.

"He who gives his life shall find it," and today FRED BRADLEY is finding abundant life because he just gave it. Like most Members of Congress, FRED BRADLEY was a hypocrite in reverse. On the outside he pretended nothing, he gave the impression of one with a rough exterior, but the inner self of FRED BRADLEY meant, "I give all for my Lord and my country."

Most of us do not know who will be the next President and it does not matter much when all is said. None of us know

the outcome of some issues about which there is so much strain, nor should we care. The only thing that should concern us is that we live like FRED BRADLEY, pretending nothing, trying to impress nobody, but giving our all.

Therefore, from the life of FRED BRADLEY and others, there is one thing we know, "There is no death." What is called death is a misnomer and in passing on, FRED BRADLEY will not enter a blind alley but a thoroughfare, and a real thoroughfare to eternal happiness which he has earned.

Mr. SHORT. Mr. Speaker, according to our modern standards, FRED BRADLEY did not live long, but he lived much. In his 49 years he lived harder and accomplished more than most men at the age of threescore years and ten.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he lay down by the wayside and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While in love with life and enraptured with the world, he passed to silent and pathetic dust. Yet it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in midsea or among the breakers on the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all.

FRED BRADLEY, who loved ships so well, has sailed his last voyage on this earth and has launched upon that journey from which no traveler returns. He lived intensely and he died gamely. He was a true apostle of the strenuous life. He bubbled over with energy and drove himself hard—those around him also had to move.

If he had desired, FRED BRADLEY could have lived a life of ease and comfort, but there was nothing soft about him. He deliberately chose the hard road of unselfish service to his district, his State, and Nation. His greatest satisfaction came to him after a hard job well done. After graduating from Cornell University, he became a salesman for his father's firm, which quarried limestone in northern Michigan and en-

gaged in shipping on the Great Lakes. He met all kinds of people in this varied industry and developed resourcefulness and strength through keen competition. He could become theoretical, but always remain practical.

Shortly after his election to the Seventy-sixth Congress in 1938, I became acquainted with FRED and during the years we have served together in Congress I came to know him well. I learned not merely to respect him but a bond of affection grew up between us. He was not always easily understood, and it required time for anyone to break through certain barriers to discover the real person he was. Because of his strong convictions there were times when he appeared hard, but beneath his bold exterior and back of his startling candor there was a big and kind heart, and an absolute and uncompromising honesty.

FRED BRADLEY was a formidable opponent and on any level and under any circumstances he was worthy of any man's steel. I never saw a more fearless individual. He possessed great physical and moral courage. There was plenty of Irish in FRED. For him an ideal or a principle was to be not only accepted intellectually but defended with his whole being.

The things about FRED we will always remember and can never forget were his human qualities. He was a true sportsman. Every type and form of athletics interested him, particularly baseball, football, and boxing—provided each sport was clean. He wanted the game to be played according to the rules and frowned upon cheating or taking undue advantage. He loved the great outdoors and enjoyed fishing. hunting, and boating as much as an adolescent youth. He loved the woods and the sea, good food, and rich fellowship.

Many of us enjoyed delightful trips with him in his boat on the Potomac. We have been the recipients of the gracious and generous hospitality of him and his dear wife in their lovely home. We shall cherish the memories of the good times we have spent in his home and ours; in his office and

ours. On the trips we have taken together and in the quiet conversations we have had alone, we learned to know his big heart, his kind soul, and generous spirit. No one could ever love animals, especially dogs, as much as FRED BRADLEY did, and be mean to any human being. He loved children, and his interest in disabled veterans was genuine and touching. It afforded him much pleasure to bring the injured from Walter Reed Hospital into his own home and even to give some employment. He always seemed to be thinking of new ways to help somebody. He spent much of his salary on long-distance calls from Washington to Michigan trying to help some constituent in even a minor matter.

Because of his inherited interest in ships and his practical experience with them, he served, since coming to Congress, on the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. At the beginning of this Congress he was elevated to the chairmanship of this important and powerful committee. It was the fulfillment of a keen ambition and he devoted every ounce of his energy—which seemed to be boundless—to the job.

After visiting two of the hearings of his committee this session, I was impressed with the efficient manner in which he conducted its hearings, but was disturbed over his physical condition because anyone could plainly see that he was literally burning himself up. Only a short time ago I pleaded with him to take things more easily and to try to get some rest because we all knew, and so did he, that he spent several weeks during the last session in the naval hospital.

In addition to his arduous work in committee and on the floor of the House, he personally answered voluminous correspondence and prepared a weekly broadcast to the people of his district. The trips of inspection and investigation, coupled with innumerable interviews, finally broke his resolute will, his determined spirit, and rugged physique. His stout heart could not carry such a heavy load and last Satur-

day it ran down and stopped beating. FRED died as he would have chosen—at his post of duty.

Many times FRED would have me quote the following lines by John G. Neihardt:

Let me live out my years in heat of blood
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine.
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

Let me go quickly like a candlelight
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night.
Thus would I go.

And grant me, when I face the grisly thing,
One haughty cry to pierce the gray, perhaps.
Oh, let me be a tune-swept fiddle string,
That feels the master melody—and snaps.

FRED BRADLEY died "in heat of blood" and went "quickly like a candlelight snapped out just at the heyday of its glow." He had felt the "master melody" and snapped like a "tune-swept fiddle string." He would not change it.

At last FRED BRADLEY has gained rest and peace from his trying and exacting labors and has gone to his reward for having served God and country well.

Mr. BURKE. Mr. Speaker, it was not my privilege to know Congressman FRED BRADLEY until I came to Congress this last January. About the first contact I had with him was one day when he called me up and told me the subcommittees to which he had appointed me, stating that I was to be chairman of the Subcommittee on Conservation of Wildlife Resources. This was entirely unexpected but was an opportunity for which I shall always be grateful to him.

I learned to know FRED BRADLEY as a tremendously hard worker, very conscientious, and under a brusque manner, a geniality and cordiality of spirit that was delightful. I liked him very much. He thought of others more than he did for himself. He was a great chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, and I regret tremendously that he

could not be spared to go on and develop this work, as I know he wished to do.

I am sure the Members of the House and of the great committee of which he was chairman will miss his presence. For myself, I feel that I have lost a real new-found friend, and extend my deep sympathy to Mrs. Bradley and other members of his family.

Mr. SHAFER. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay my humble tribute to a great leader and esteemed friend the Honorable FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan, whose sudden passing has come as a great shock to all of us.

In the death of FRED BRADLEY, Mr. Speaker, the Nation has lost an able, conscientious, and aggressive leader who never wavered in the defense of his high, patriotic principles. He was hard-hitting and hard-driving in carrying out his work as a Member of Congress, but he was admired and respected at all times by all who knew him.

He died as he lived, serving his people. His record in Congress should serve as an inspiration and challenge to all of us.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I present the following resolution today adopted by the Michigan delegation:

Whereas the Michigan delegation in the United States House of Representatives has learned with profound sorrow of the untimely passing of our friend and colleague, Hon. FRED BRADLEY; and

Whereas for more than 8 years we have had the wise counsel and inspiration of our colleague, whose every moment gleamed with love of friends and every hour studded thick with jewels of loyalty and service to his State and to his Nation; and

Whereas our Maker has seen fit to call our colleague from our midst, though many milestones were left unpassed on the road of life and ere the setting sun cast its shadows to the east: Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the passing of Hon. FRED BRADLEY the State of Michigan and its Eleventh Congressional District and the Nation itself have lost a true statesman and a faithful servant, and the Michigan delegation in Congress has been deprived of the judgment and ability of a great American and an able legislator; and be it further

Resolved, That we, the Michigan congressional delegation in the Eightieth Congress do by this means express our deep regret that his career has been brought to a close at a time when his highest ambitions and ideals were being realized; and be it further

Resolved, That, while we feel the ineffectiveness of any act of ours to in any way assuage the grief of his widow, we extend to her our deepest sympathy in this her hour of bereavement.

ROY O. WOODRUFF, EARL C. MICHENER, JESSE P. WOLCOTT, GEORGE A. DONDERO, FRED L. CRAWFORD, ALBERT J. ENGEL, CLARE E. HOFFMAN, PAUL W. SHAFER, WILLIAM W. BLACKNEY, BARTEL J. JONKMAN, JOHN B. BENNETT, HOWARD A. COFFIN, HAROLD F. YOUNGBLOOD, JOHN D. DINGELL, JOHN LESINSKI, GEORGE G. SADOWSKI.

Mr. WOODRUFF. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 217), which is at the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRED BRADLEY, a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair appoints as members of the funeral committee Messrs. Hoffman, Shafer, Grant of Indiana, and Dingell.

The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 16 minutes p. m.) the House, under its previous order, adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 27, 1947, at 11 o'clock a. m.

TUESDAY, *May 27, 1947.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Laite, its enrolling clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 117):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRED BRADLEY, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 11 o'clock a. m. tomorrow.

The message also announced that, pursuant to the above resolution, the President pro tempore appointed the senior Senator from Michigan [Mr. Vandenberg] and the junior Senator from Michigan [Mr. Ferguson] members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *May 26, 1947.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. FRED BRADLEY, late a Representative from the State of Michigan, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 217) from the House of Representatives, which was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRED BRADLEY, a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. FERGUSON. Mr. President, the tragic death of Representative FRED BRADLEY is a shock to the Nation and particularly to the State of Michigan which he served so faithfully. He had entered upon his fifth term in the House of Representatives and, at the time of his death, was chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. Because of the fact that he attended school in Rogers City, Mich., and had lived in Michigan for many years, he was fully cognizant of the problems of our State. He was hon-

orable and loyal and always had the interests of the people of Michigan and of the Nation at heart. He fought to make the world a better place in which to live, and his life was an inspiration and example to all those who came in contact with him.

Congress is confronted with many very serious problems at the present time and the loss of one with FRED'S ability will be keenly felt. He died in the service of his country at his post of duty.

It was my great privilege and an inspiration to know FRED BRADLEY personally, and I join with those who have reason to cherish his memory in this brief tribute to the character of a man who rendered valuable service to his district, the State, and the country as a whole.

We shall indeed be grateful that it was our privilege to serve Congress with FRED BRADLEY, a great American, and we should find courage in the fact that life does not end with death. I feel as though had he been permitted to say one last word to us he would have said, with the immortal Tennyson:

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. With the indulgence of the Senate, the President pro tempore of the Senate, speaking from the chair, wishes to associate himself with what has been said by the distinguished junior Senator from Michigan regarding the death of Representative FRED BRADLEY, of Michigan. No more earnest, faithful, devoted public servant

ever served the public welfare. No finer citizen, no more patriotic American ever gave himself to our congressional labors. He has dedicated 10 years of his life to his district, to his State, and to his Nation in the burdensome activities of his public work. Literally he died in the congressional harness. Michigan and America will miss him in his fine public integrity. His countless friends and his family will miss him and his great loyalties. He was a rugged character in the best tradition of stalwart citizenship. It is with deepest sorrow that we greet the sad news of his untimely passing.

Mr. FERGUSON. Mr. President, I offer a resolution and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution submitted by the junior Senator from Michigan will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 117) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRED BRADLEY, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the second resolving clause the Chair appoints as the committee to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative the senior and junior Senators from Michigan [Mr. Vandenberg and Mr. Ferguson].

Mr. FERGUSON. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 11 o'clock a. m. tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 24 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 27, 1947, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial services held in the main

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